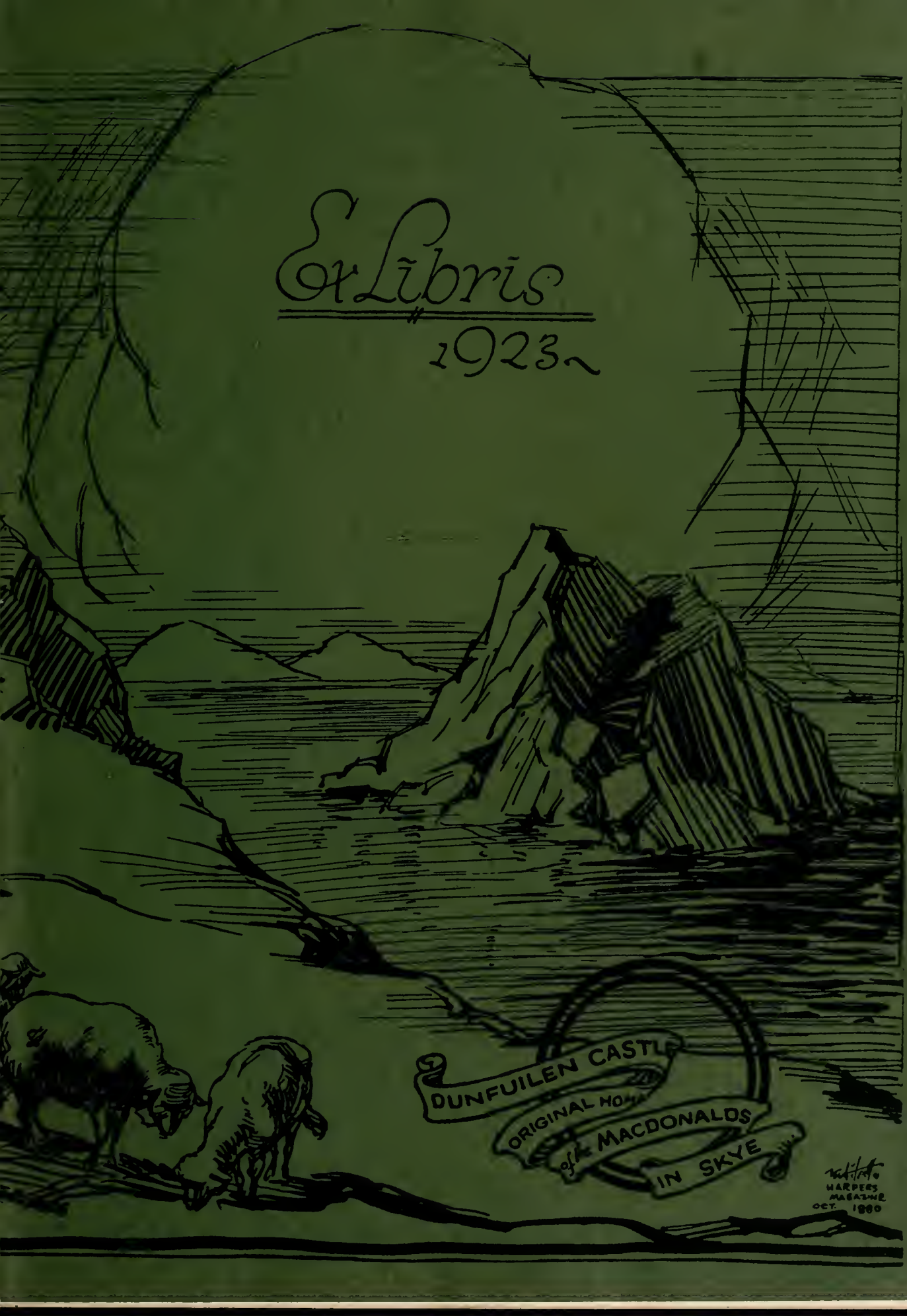
The WHITE HEATHER

1923


Ex Libris
1923
DUNFUILEN CASTLE
ORIGINAL HOME
of the MACDONALDS
IN SKYE
HARPERS
MAGAZINE
OCT. 1880

The WHITE HEATHER

VOLUME THREE

PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF 1923

Flora Macdonald College

Red Springs, N. C.

FOREWORD

TO catch some of the sweetest and most significant tones of our college days—to imprison within these pages at least a hint of the spirit of "high and lofty endeavor" which thrills through the life of every true daughter of Flora Macdonald—this has been our aim.

We know that in many ways we have fallen short of our ideal, but we hope that loving memory of the joys and sorrows of this year may overlook our errros, and cherish this book as a veritable treasure house of 1923.

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Dedication

To

MISS MARY JOHNSTON

A Friend

Who not only demands the highest and

best from those around her, but

who inspires it in them

The Class of 1923

lovingly dedicates

This Book

The 1923 White Heather

MISS MARY JOHNSTON :: Dean of the College

The White Heather Staff

JANIE BUCHANAN	*Editor-in-Chief*
ELIZABETH MORTON	*Assistant Editor-in-Chief*
ANNIE LEE FUNK	*Business Manager*
CHARLOTTE GARTH	*Assistant Business Manager*
ALICE CARR	*Sophomore Representative*
SNOWE BRADLEY	*Freshman Representative*
MARTHA MILLER JONES	*Y. W. C. A. Representative*
AVIS FOUNTAIN	*Athletic Association Representative*
MARY ALICE BOYD	*Zetesian Representative*
ELEANOR HERRING	*Epsilon Chi Representative*
HELENA BUTLER	*Art Editor*
NELL MORTON	*Art Editor*
METTA PATTON	*Typewriting Editor*

Annie Lee Funk
Florence S. C.
Annual Sleep
meet in D. 36.

forgot my next door neighbor
Nay!
N.H.M.

N.H.M.
See my next door
neighbor (above)

"Enter, what communion with sweet learning awaits thee here!"

"And love the high embrowed roof
With Antique Pillars massy proof"

"A pool breast-deep, beneath, as clear as glass
Kisses with easy whirls the bord'ring grass."

"A crystal stream,
Diaphanous because it travels slowly,
Soft as the music that would charm forever."

"Soft dear scenes, the work of fancy."

"Reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherished gaze upon thee."

Faculty of Flora Macdonald College

(In order of length of service)

CHARLES GRAVES VARDELL, D.D.
PRESIDENT

MRS. LINDA L. VARDELL
PIANO, PIANO PEDAGOGY

MISS MARY JOHNSTON
DEAN OF THE COLLEGE

MISS PATTIE B. WATKINS
DEAN OF THE FACULTY

MISS ETTIE BROWN
PROFESSOR OF FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

REV. H. M. DIXON, B.D.
PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY

MISS ANNA SPENCER DANIEL
PROFESSOR OF CLOTHING AND TEXTILES

MISS ELIZABETH FAIN, A.B.
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY

MISS HARRIET MORRISON, A.B.
PROFESSOR OF LATIN

MISS MARY McEACHERN, B.M.
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

MRS. MARY LOGAN SANDERSON, A.B., A.M.
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH

MRS. CHRISTINE W. EWING
PROFESSOR OF SPANISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

MISS MARY FORMAN
PROFESSOR OF VOICE

CHARLES GILDERSLEEVE VARDELL, A.B.
DEAN OF CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

MISS HELEN G. ANDRES
PROFESSOR OF FOODS AND COOKERY

MISS ANGELINE CRYMES
PROFESSOR OF COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

MISS KATE McNEILL, A.B.
PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS

MISS MARGARET McNEILL, B.M., M.M.
CO-DIRECTOR PIANO DEPARTMENT

MRS. JANE COLSON GLENN, L.I., B.S., Ph.G.
PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS

MISS NAN ROBERTS, B.S., M.S.
PROFESSOR OF BIOLOGY AND BACTERIOLOGY

MISS ZOULEAN ANDERSON, A.B.
ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF BIBLE

MISS JULIA GORDON ARROWOOD, A.B., B.M.
INSTRUCTOR IN FRENCH AND PIANO

MRS. L. F. ROBESON
PROFESSOR OF VIOLIN

MISS LULA B. MORRISON
INSTRUCTOR IN PIANO

MISS JOSEPHINE ELLERBE, A.B.
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MISS ANNIE WEBB, A.B.
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MISS SUE HAILE
DIRECTOR OF PHYSICAL TRAINING

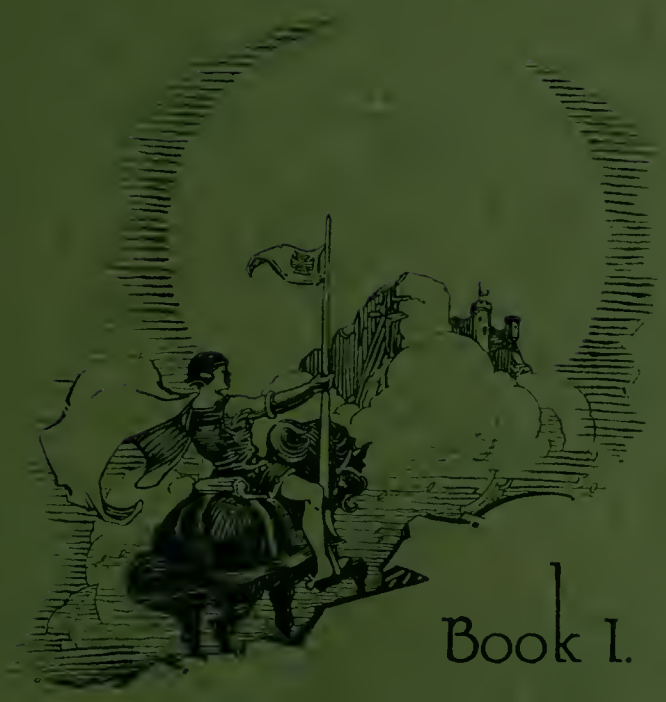
MISS SADIE MENZIES, B.L.
INSTRUCTOR IN MATHEMATICS

MISS EDNA WEBB, B.M.
INSTRUCTOR IN VOICE

MRS. J. C. WAKEFIELD, L.I., A.B.
DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC SCHOOL ART

CHARLES GRAVES VARDELL, D.D.
President

FACULTY



Book I.

The Classes

SENIOR

MISS HARRIET MORRISON
Senior Class Faculty Advisor

MR. BILLY GLENN
Senior Class Sponsor

Senior Class

Psalm: 121 **Hymn:** Creation Hymn—Addison

Motto: Labor omnia vincit

Colors: Black and Gold **Flower:** Black Eyed Susan

ELIZA MacKAY WHITTED, A.B.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Publicity Committee; Winner F. M. C. Monogram.

1920-1921—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Pine and Thistle Staff; Public Debate; Wearer of Star.

1921-1922—Assistant Editor-in-Chief Pine and Thistle; Dramatic Club; Under-graduate Representative Y. W. C. A.; Tennis Club; President Wilmington Club; Lieutenant Fire Department; Delegate to Blue Ridge; Chief Marshall.

1922-1923—Dramatic Club; Hockey Team; President Class; President Student Body.

" *'Tis something to be willing to commend,*
But my best praise is, that I am your friend"

Our Eliza is one of those wholesome, calm, kind of people one likes to have around. Troubles have a way of getting all smoothed out when "Kawkie" takes hold of things. She is one who combines the art of being a friend with practical, sterling common sense. She is capable to the last notch. Look at statistics! Loyal and faithful, too, one of whose leadership we are proud.

MAMIE BAKER, B.L.

LATTA, S. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Bible Study Committee.

1920-1921—Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Member of Highland Fling; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.

1922-1923—Social Service Committee; President of Dillon County Club; Member of Highland Fling; Class Hockey Team.

"Gaiety is the soul's health,
Sadness is it's poison."

You're heard of a dual personality—look at Mamie. Anyone who can successfully shine through five years of French and be "young and frivolous" enough to have a good time always, besides being a good sport, is a "bit of all right." Vardell Hall will feel a loss when it never again echoes to the cheerful taps of Mamie's heel or her fantastic toe as she trips the Highland Fling.

Good luck, Mamie, little in stature, big in friendship.

ELLEN ERWIN BLACK, A.B.

DAVIDSON, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Winner in Tennis Doubles; Finance Committee Choral Association; Wearer of Monogram.

1920-1921—Treasurer of Sophomore Class; Treasurer of Athletic Association; Choral Association; Finance Committee; Wearer of Star; Winner in Tennis Singles and Doubles.

1921-1922—Vice-president of Junior Class; President of Athletic Association; Membership Committee; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Lieutenant in Fire Department; Secretary and Treasurer of "El Club Espanol"; Annual Staff; Wearer of Star; Choral Association; Member of Student Council; Highland Fling; Class Tennis Singles and Doubles; Delegate to Blue Ridge.

1922-1923—Fire Chief; Mecklenburg County Club; Choral Association; Highland Flinger.

"Kind and loyal, a friend to all,
She's always ready at any call,
Whether it be athletics, "Y" or "Chief of Fires"
She's never too busy to grant your desires;
A girl to honor, a girl to trust,
One whom all love because they must."

When you find a regular girl who is a good sport—she is worth knowing. Such is "Dess." Her lovable disposition has won her many friends. She never tells us much about herself, but leaves us guessing.

"Dess" has the rare combination of a sunny, pleasure-loving nature, determination and ability. She is always in demand when we plan a good time and is also an essential member of the Class of '23.

MARY ALICE BOYD, B.M.

TOWNSVILLE, N. C.

Z.

1920-1921—Member of Y. W. C. A. Committee; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.

1921-1922—Leader of Prayer Band; Member of Y. W. C. A. Committee; Member of Choral Association.

1922-1923—Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; White Heather Staff; Choral Association; Senior Hockey Team; Fire Squad; Highland Flinger.

"Is there a heart that music cannot melt?"

When you see "Rory" darting around the hockey field she looks anything but a musician—but that isn't saying that she isn't one. If you want to forget all your "tests-to-be" just let "Rory" play for you and your cares are gone. She's not only good at hockey and music but at just about anything you give her to do—especially the Highland Fling.

JANIE BELLE BUCHANAN, A.B.

GIFU, JAPAN

E. X.

1919-1920—Secretary Freshman Class; Choral Association; Y. W. C. A.

1920-1921—Pine and Thistle Staff; Orchestra; Y. W. C. A. Committee.

1921-1922—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Assistant Editor-in-Chief of White Heather; Orchestra; Executive Committee E. X. Society.

1922-1923—Y. W. C. A. Committee; Orchestra; Editor-in-Chief of White Heather.

"Give me music and friends and life will be a pleasure."

If you've heard of girls with intelligent minds,
If you've heard of girls who are dear,
If you've heard of girls with gifts of all kinds,
Then this is "Janie Buck," a friend sincere.

BONNIE BESSIE BULLA, B.L.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Member of Religious Meetings Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1920-1921—Chaplain E. X. Society; Missionary Committee.

1921-1922—Delegate to Young People's Conference.

1922-1923—Secretary of Y. W. C. A.; Life Service Band; Pine and Thistle Staff.

"We pass this way but once, O heart of mine.
So why not make the journey well worth while,
Giving those that travel on with us
A helping hand, a word of cheer, a smile?"

Bonnie is one of those rare individuals underneath whose calm exterior there exist depths of feeling and heights of aspiration, which few people ever attain. Despite the fact that her four years' association with the Y. W. C. A. has been largely an expression of herself, we know that only a few very intimate friends can appreciate the splendid traits of her character which make her just Bonnie. Her quiet, unassuming and somewhat reserved manner make it hard for most people to realize that she goes out from the walls of F. M. C. A. with a fuller realization of the really worthwhile things of life than is granted most of us.

ALMA MOOD BURGESS, B.S., H.E.

SUMMERTON, S. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Social Committee.

1920-1921—Association News Committee.

1921-1922—Social Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Fire Squad; E. X. Commencement Marshall; President Palmetto Club; Treasurer Domestic Art Club.

1922-1923—Prayer Band Leader; Vice-president Palmetto Club; President E. X. Society; Student Council.

"She's just that which is neatest, completest, and sweetest."

To speak of individuality is speaking of Alma herself, as nowhere else is there anyone like her—from the top of her golden head to the tip of her dainty feet. Alma is conscientious in everything she undertakes and does not stop until her work is done well. She has won the admiration and respect of the faculty by study. Her frankness, lovableness and sincerity have won her many friends, who regret that she is leaving.

ANNA MAE CADDELL, B.S., H.E.

CARTHAGE, N. C.

Z.

1920-1921—Prayer Band Leader.

1921-1922—Membership Committee; Wearer of Monogram.

1922-1923—Critic of Zetesion Society; Member of Association News Committee; Secretary of Moore County Club; Class Prophet; Editor-in-Chief of Pine and Thistle.

"Few hearts like her's with virtue warmed,
Few heads with knowledge so informed."

Although Anna Mae has been with us for four years, we do not really know her yet. She has always been conspicious in the college life because of high grades in classes, her industry and her dependability. She collects the facts, surveys the situation from all angles and then sticks to her decision. If you don't believe she's intellectual just look at the statistics; the Pine and Thistle of '22 and '23 is sufficient evidence of her capableness. Anna Mae is going to make Home Economics her mission in life; however, we are not sure whether it shall be in the school or in the home. Whatever she does or wherever she is, it will be a "Lucky Corner" that is filled by Anna Mae.

VERA MILDRED COE, B.S.

RICHLAND, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—President Class; Public Debater.

1920-1921—President Class; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram; Class Basketball Team.

1921-1922—Pine and Thistle Staff; Vice-President Palmetto Club; Class Basketball Team; Dramatic Club; Fire Squad.

1922-23—Captain Class Hockey Team; Prayer Band Leader; President Palmetto Club; Dramatic Club; Captain Hockey Varsity; Fire Squad.

"Next to virtue the fun in this world
is what we can least spare."

Vera's fun is never at any one else's expense and though she'd much rather laugh than cry over anything, you'd have to go a long way before you'd find a more sympathetic and understanding friend. She was president of our class in '21 and we believed her future greatness lay in the broom. She was president of the Athletic Association in '22, and then we believed it to be basketball and high jumping. But in our Senior year '23 the veil has been torn from our eyes by Vera's brilliant speeches in pedagogy. Vera is going to be a great politician. Go to it Vera—you have the votes of '23.

ONIE RUTH ERVIN, A.B.

CLARKESVILLE, GEORGIA

E. X.

1919-1920—Class Cheer Leader; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.

1920-1921—Class Cheer Leader; Membership Committee; F. M. C. Star.

1921-1922—Class Cheer Leader; Membership Committee; Pine and Thistle Staff; Manager of Dramatic Club; Basketball Team; Bugler Fire Squad.

1922-1923—Class Cheer Leader; College Cheer Leader; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Manager of Dramatic Club; Senior Hockey Team; Bugler Fire Squad.

"Begone dull care, I pray thee begone from me,
Begone dull care, thou and I never agree."

Here is indeed a girl of many parts—one in her feet, another in her head. Noted for her scintillating wit and dramatic ability, she ever adds life to a party—and verdancy to the surrounding vegetation. She is very versatile; there is nothing done here in which she doesn't take some part and it is usually a well-done part.

ANNIE LEE FUNK, B.S.

FLORENCE, S. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Social Committee; Palmetto Club.

1920-1921—Publicity Committee; Finance Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-1922—Social Service Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Recording Secretary E. X. Society; Editor-in-Chief of Pine and Thistle; Commencement Marshall.

1922-1923—Social Service Committee; Member Senior Hockey Squad; Business Manager White Heather; Society Public Debater.

"All work and no play
Is simply not Annie Lee's way."

Some folks say she is dignified—and she is sometimes—but a good sport as well, and always ready for a good time, and equally as ready to share it with others. Annie Lee is conscientious in everything she undertakes and does not stop until her work is well done.

We have been convinced of her business ability by the management of this volume of the "White Heather."

Congenial, gentle, sympathetic and comely—does this make her the most attractive—See statistics.

MARGARET HALL, B.L.

WALLACE, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Bible Study Committee.

1920-1921—Religious Meeting Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-1922—Membership Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Dramatic Club.

1922-1923—First Vice-president Zetesian Society; Dramatic Club; Social Committee; Prayer Band Leader; President Peggy Club.

"When she will, she will,
You may depend on it;
When she won't, she won't,
And that's the end on 't."

Yes, that's Margaret exactly.

Perseverance and loyalty compounded with helpfulness and attractive qualities form a sure recipe for a pleasing personality fine enough to suit "placid pleasure." What more could we ask for in her?

As for Margaret's own taste, consult French annals, fifth edition, also next volume in Reader's Guide, "Why I choose program making for my life's work—its advantages, et cetera."

Ah well! To "hoil it down," Margaret's all there and then some.

MIRIAM HARISON, B.L.

LEESBURG FLORIDA

E. X.

1920-1921—Winner F. M. C. Monogram; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-22—Prayer Band Leader; Missionary Study Class Leader.

1922-1923—Association News Committee; Vice-president Georgia Club.

"Tho I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."

Steadiness, pluck and determination fit Miriam perfectly. We admire her pluck, and we admire her steady good hard work. She is loyal to the *n*th degree to what she thinks is right and to the people she loves. She is the wealthy possessor of a keen sense of humor. Keep it, Miriam, and your other good qualities, too. They are absolutely 18 karat—'23 is backin' you!

LUCY HUNSUCKER, B.L.

GIBSON, N. C.

Z.

1922-1923—Member of Social Committee; Member of Senior Hockey Team.

"The grass stoops not she treads so lightly on it."

A good-natured, friendly little girl is Lucy. She has plenty of class spirit and is interested in athletics—both admirable qualities in a college girl. Her teachers are surprised to find such a store of intelligence underneath her bobbed mop of black curls. For Lucy is a good student.

MARTHA MILLER JONES, B.S., H.E.

RED SPRINGS, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Choral Association.

1921-1922—Dramatic Club; President Domestic Art Club.

1922-1923—Secretary Robeson County Club; Annual Staff; First Vice-president E. X. Society; Class Historian.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Three years a day pupil, at the last joining the rest of us and taking her full share of all the jobs and joys that fall to the lot of Seniors—*that's "Skinny."* Singing in the halls, dashing over the hockey field, sewing on a "creation" for Miss Daniel—*that's "Skinny."* Laughing at a joke, cheering up a "Fresh," making good grades—*that's "Skinny."* How does she do it all? Well—*that's "Skinny."*

LOUISE MANDEVILLE, B.M.

SYLVESTER, GEORGIA

Z.

1921-1922—Dramatic Club; Member of Music Committee; First Vice-president of Zetesian Society; Fire Squad; Commencement Marshall.

1922-1923—President of Georgia Club; Member of the Music Committee; Member of Student Council; Fire Squad; President of Zetesian Society; Dramatic Club.

"*In all his quivers choice,*
No arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

"Man-devil" we call her, but "Mandevil" she certainly is not. This is readily seen by the many offices she has held since entering our Alma Mater and the great capability she has shown in each of these.

Here she comes with her bewitching smile, for when she is glad she is very glad, but when she is sad—well, look out. This we know to be a truth by looking into her big dark wicked-looking eyes.

She has a voice that gives her a decided charm. "Wilt thou have music? Then seek her."

MILDRED McAULEY, B.L.

MOUNT GILEAD, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Chorus Association.

1920-1921—Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Association News Committee.

1922-1923—Bible Study Committee; Senior Hockey Team; Treasurer of Senior Class.

"*A gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.*"

Mildred is the kind of a friend who is spelled with a capital "F". She enters into all athletics with a vim, especially shown on the hockey field. She is an indispensible member of the class, for she holds in trust the funds of '23. Her quiet refinement and solid good sense will make her a valuable member in any community where she may take up her work.

MARY RICE McCULLOCH,

B.S., H.E.

BURLINGTON, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Bible Study Committee.

1920-1921—Prayer Band Leader; Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Prayer Band Leader; Association News Committee; Public Debater; Dramatic Club.

1922-1923—Pine and Thistle Staff; Public Debater; Association News Committee; Dramatic Club.

"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."

"Neat and sweet, efficient, too,
That is Mary McCulloch;
A worker, no shirker, that is true;
We'll see what she'll be and not feel dismay
At her renown, the country round, some day not far away!"

MARTHA MARGARET McGIRT,

B.S., H.E.

MAXTON, N. C.

E. X.

1921-1922—Second Vice-president E. X. Society; Vice-president Robeson County Club; Fire Squad; Leader Prayer Band; Executive Committee of E. X.

1922-1923—Censor E. X. Society; Fire Squad; Vice-president "Peggy Club"; Treasurer of Domestic Art Club.

"A truer, nobler, trustier heart, more loving, or more loyal never beat within human breast."

We have known Margaret of the friendly disposition and the busy hands for four years, and we know that nowhere will you find a truer friend or a more pleasant companion. She is never idle, for she believes in putting time to a good use; she can make anything with her needle, and as for cooking—don't get me started. She is domestically inclined and her ambition is to have a home of her own in which to put into practice her domestic ability.

FLORA ELLEN McINTYRE, A.B.

LAURINBURG, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Publicity Committee.

1920-1921—Social Service Committee.

1921-1922—Secretary of Junior Class; Blue Ridge Delegate; Business Manager Pine and Thistle; President Scotland County Club; Commencement Marshal; Prayer Band Leader.

1922-23—President Scotland County Club; Treasurer Y. W. C. A.; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

"Genius only leaves behind it the monument of its strength."

What will Flora leave? Look up the record of the Business Manager of the Pine and Thistle last year and take a peep into the Y. W. Treasurer's book this year, and you will find "a monument more enduring than bronze." Capable, efficient and dependable—that's Flora. If you should suddenly come upon a fortune, my advice is, "Call Flora."

MARGARET McLEOD, B.L.

RED SPRINGS, N. C.

E. X.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

The Class of '23 is honored by having as a member one "day pupil," Margaret. She appreciates the humorous side of life and is keen of wit. Calm she is—and rather reserved, but she is friendly to all and possesses a certain charm which brightens her many other attractive qualities.

HANNAH McNEILL, A.B.

BUIE, N. C.

E. X.

1920-1921—Member of Champion Basketball Team; Champion in Doubles in Tennis.

1921-1922—Class Basketball Team; Member of Tennis Club; Assistant Business Manager of Annual; Treasurer of Athletic Association; Dramatic Club.

1922-23—Class Hockey Team; Assistant Editor of Pine and Thistle; Member of Athletic Board; Dramatic Club.

"For she's a jolly good fellow."

Who doesn't like a girl who knows what she wants to do and enjoys doing it? And who doesn't like an athletic girl and an all-around good sport? And when, in addition to all this she stands high in her class work, and takes part in all the college activities—well, Hannah will make a peppy young gym teacher that will be hard to beat.

ADA MacRACKEN, A.B.

WHITEVILLE, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Association News Committee.

1920-1921—Association News Committee; Prayer Band Leader; Annual Staff.

1921-1922—Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Leader Mission Study Class.

1922-1923—Vice-president Class; Chaplain E. X. Society; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet.

It's not because you're jolly,
And never a trifle blue;
It's not because your words are never slow and few.
It's not because you're pretty,
Tho of course we know that's true
But the reason we all love you
Is because you're you.

In relating the merits of this important member of our class the humble writer wields her pen wildly and wonders where to begin. By her helpfulness, her friendship and her cheerful manner she grows into the hearts of all. Her words, sometimes softly spoken, carry weight because of the personality behind them, but Ada is not at all too good to be true. She is a true friend to everybody, a sport under all circumstances, a representative of the best things of life and as human and fun-loving as the rest of us. We'll never find another link like Ada to hold our college chain together.

MARGARET REID MORTON,

B.S., H.E.

OXFORD, N. C.

Z.

1919-1920—Finance Committee; Y. W. C. A. Delegate to Montreat Conference.

1920-1921—Leader Prayer Band; Religious Meetings Committee.

1921-1922—Pine and Thistle Staff; Recording Secretary of Zetesian Society; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Commencement Marshall.

1922-1923—Chairman Social Service Committee; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; "Peggy Club;" Class Testatrix; Fire Squad.

"Say not always what you know, but always know what you say."

Looking for a type? Well, here's one for you—not a flapper, not over-studious, not a "goody-goody," but an embodiment of spicy characteristics along with her independent ideas about "people" and "things" which we cannot help but admire. Certainly she is frank but not disagreeably so. Fun—yes; the proverbial life of a Senior sewing-class gathering in fourth floor. Many are the times we find ourselves realizing that the Senior class was not wrong in voting her the "cutest" of our number.

P. S.—She must have been a typical Freshman, for you must look far and wide for a more typical Senior than "John Watt."

RUTH NOWELL, B.L.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

E. X.

1920-1921—Member of Missionary Committee; Prayer Band Leader.

1921-1922—Prayer Band Leader; Critic of E. X. Society.

1922-1923—Member of Dramatic Club; Chairman of Religious Meetings Committee; Y. W. C. A.; Delegate to Blue Ridge.

"True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though fortune aims her deadliest blow."

Ruth is studious, calm, and of a friendly disposition. She never worries, frets nor blames, but always gets there, just the same.

JULIA RAMSEY, B.L.

BANNER ELK, N. C.

Z.

1921-1922—Leader of Prayer Band; Leader of Mission Study Class.

1922-1923—Assistant Business Manager of Pine and Thistle; Secretary of Senior Class; Member of Senior Hockey Team; Wearer of the "M".

"Her heart is firm,
There's naught within the compass of humanity
But she would dare and do."

Julia—student, worker, accomplisher, friend—(synonyms in the dictionary of life) walks the halls of F. M. C. See "the foot-prints on the sand of time" which the annals of her four years have made.

Here's to you, Julia—that which way your compass points, Fortune's smile and the horn of plenty may be heaping favor on your path of life.

LILLIAN STREET, B.S.

GLENDON, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Association News Committee.
1920-1921—Religious Meetings Committee.
1921-1922—Assistant Business Manager of Pine and Thistle; Treasurer of Class; Association News Committee; Commencement Marshal.

1922-1923—Corresponding Secretary of E. X. Society; Finance Committee; President of Moore County Club.

"Coolness and absence of heat and haste indicate fine qualities."

Lillian is one of those rare people who have about them at all times a positive atmosphere of coolness, serene dignity and solid dependableness. To come in contact with Lillian is to feel that underneath the calm exterior there is a reserve supply of power sufficient for every demand. During the four years she has been with us she has shown special ability in Science, and we anticipate for her great success in that line.

PHOEBE WAKEFIELD, B.S.

BANNER ELK, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Association News.

1920-1921—Association News; Winner F. M. C. Monogram.

1921-1922—Leader of Prayer Band; Membership Committee; Basketball Team; Winner of F. M. C. Star.

1922-1923—Member Social Committee; Senior Hockey Team; President Athletic Association; Executive Committee of E. X.; President of Iredell County Club.

"As independent as the day is long."

"Independence Trust Company" is "Phoebus" all through. You know when you give her anything to do that it's in good, trustworthy hands and it will be done in her own independent way. If you want to know the truth about yourself, ask Phoebe—she'll tell you, "'cause she believes in being frank;" that is one of her attractions and her sincerity ranks along with it.

The very least we can say of her is that she is all wool, a yard wide, combining sportsmanship, strong convictions and a willingness to lend a hand wherever it is needed.

WILLIE MAY WHITESIDE, A.B.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

E. X.

1919-1920—Treasurer of Freshman Class; Freshman Basketball Team; Member of Religious Meetings Committee; Wearer of F. M. C. Monogram.

1921-1922—Business Manager of Pine and Thistle; Vice-president Sophomore Class; Member of Association News Committee; Basketball Team.

1921-1922—President of Junior Class; Delegate to Montreat; Pine and Thistle Staff; Chairman of Social Committee of Y. W. C. A.; Junior Basketball Team.

1922-1923—President of Y. W. C. A.; President of Mecklenburg County Club; Delegate to Blue Ridge.

"The sweetest, the dearest, the most lovable, too,
Best kind of a sport and a pal true blue;
All this and more is Billie."

So true is this of Billie that even her most intimate friends wonder what trait they will find in her next. But don't let anyone make you believe she is superhuman, for just look at the honors she has held in school. Wonder why it is that when you get into trouble or feel blue, you instinctively turn to Billie? and she never fails you—with her ready sympathy and some good, sound advice, which she usually gives, she makes you feel that, after all, life is worth living.

Although you never hear her mention it, if you look up Billie's records you will find that she stands tip-top in her class work, and just as she stands tip-top in class work so she stands tip-top in the hearts of all her class-mates.

MURPHY HALL.....*Certificate in Piano*

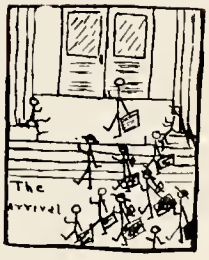
MAIE SINCLAIR.....*Certificate in Pipe Organ*

METTA PATTEN.....*Certificate in Commercial Course*

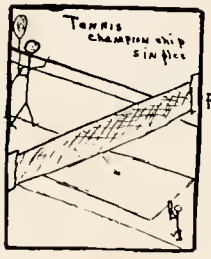
MARY LAW.....*Certificate in Commercial Course*

JEAN McLEAN.....*Certificate in Commercial Course*

Class History



1919 — 1920

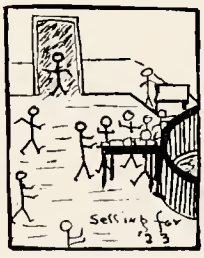


AND Freshman We Were

1920 — 1921

"KNOW IT ALL" SOPHMORES ?

1921 — 1922



HARD WORKED JUNIORS

1922 — 1923

The Time has come! Seniors we are.

Historian—"Skinny" Jones

Last Will and Testament

WE, the Class of '23, feeling that the time draws near when we shall depart and be no more—dignified Seniors—having acquired some amount of property during our sojourn in this place, wish to make a fair dispensation of same to our friends. And we bequeath to the rising Senior class, our Senior dignity, our Senior privileges and our Senior caps and gowns for love and affection and the sum of seven dollars and a half. Being in possession of some amount of individual property, we wish to dispose of it in the manner following:

To Lyda Brown Arnold we will and bequeath Eliza Whitted's calmness and composure in trying circumstances.

To "Red" McAlpine, Margaret Hall's thirst for milk and the pleasant hours she has spent quaffing said beverage, and may she grow as fat as Margaret has therefrom.

To Elizabeth Morton, Phoebe Wakefield's ability to put on airs.

And Ruth Nowell's frivolity we do thoughtfully bestow on Elizabeth Brannen.

Billie Whiteside's child-like faith in believing *every-thing* that's told her, we bequeath to Elizabeth Morton, and her love of French, to Marjory Huntley.

Lillian Street's facility in using the cutest slang, we will to Nellie Thomason.

And to Martha Nordon we will all the clothes that Mary McCulloch has made in the four years of Domestic Art.

To Charlotte Garth we will Bonnie Bulla's place in Miss Ewing's heart.

Annie Mae Caddell's unsurpassed speed and accuracy in working dietetics, we will to Flora Macdonald for her use during the coming year.

Hannah McNeill's place in Miss Brown's heart shall be the property of Mildred West, and also Vera Coe's popularity with the entire faculty—may it be of great use to her.

Alma Burgess' ability to catch on to jokes we will to Elizabeth Scott.

Martha Miller Jones' slender dress form we bequeath to Lyda Brown Arnold, and her knowledge of dietetics to Madge Hardaway, that she may make practical use of it and grow thin.

To Elizabeth Brannen we will Lucy Hunsucker's ability to laugh in the dining room without disturbing the quietness therein.

To Madge Hardaway, Margaret McGirt's dainty appetite, and Margaret's gym grade to Jennie McCutchen.

Flora McIntyre's place at Miss Brown's very right hand we do pass on to Mildred West.

Miriam Harrison's great love of the French language and literature shall be the property of Georgia Tomlinson, together with Miriam's ability in mastering the French verb.

To anyone who has nerve to take 'em we will Margaret McLeod's Senior privileges.

Alma Burgess' crocheted sweater we bequeath to Madge Hardaway, in hopes she will not find it too large.

Onnie Ruth Erwin's place at the head of the railroad ticket line we do will to Miss Annie Webb, Junior class advisor, and her cherished and beloved white dimity blouse to Elizabeth Morton.

"Dess" Black's "come hither" smile we do will to Lavinia Wade, and Ada McRacken's lady-like manners we bequeath to Ida Street.

To Catharine Deaton we will Mamie Baker's ability to catch rats, and Mary Alice Boyd's harmony note-book shall be the property of the same person.

Louise Mandeville's graceful form shall be the property of Elizabeth Scott, and her harmony note-book shall go to Agnes Bustard.

To the most needy Junior we will Annie Lee Funk's style.

To the next Editor-in-Chief of the White Heather we will Janie Belle Buchanan's heartfelt sympathy, and her honors in athletics to Helen Pope.

I, Margaret Reid Morton, will to Dozier Langston my ability to "speak my mind," and may she have more mind to speak than I've ever been remembered with.

If for any reason dissatisfaction should occur as to the dispensation of this property, it shall be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, in front of the Red Springs Drug Store, and we appoint Mr. William Glenn, Chief Administrator.

Signed and sealed on the eighteenth day of January, A.D., 1923, by:

MARGARET REID MORTON,
Testatrix.

Witnessed by:
MARY EVA McBRYDE and
NORA ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

Name	Nick-Name	Favorite Saying	Appearance
1—Baker	"Marie Boulauger"	"Oo! there's a rat!"	Abbreviated
2—Boyd	"Rory"	"Aw—!!"	Tiny
3—Black	"Dess"	"I should worry!"	Athletic
4—Buchanan	"Janie Buck"	"I'm a gibberin' wreck!"	Refined
5—Burgess	Alma	"Oh—don't worry!"	Neat
6—Bulla	"Bonnie B"	"Well—for goodness sake!"	Scholastic
7—Caddell	"Miss Caddle"	"I think—!"	Studious
8—Coe	"Mish Vera"	"For Pete's sake!"	Happy-go-lucky
9—Erwin	"Onie"	"I 'preciate that"	Different
10—Funk	"Lee"	"You cock-eyed!"	Attractive
11—Hall	"Maret"	"Let me tell you"	Skinny
12—Harrison	"Red"	"Je ne sais pas"	Glowing
13—Hunsucker	Lucy	"Oh—do you know?"	Kiddish
14—Jones	"Skinny"	"I loathe it!"	Pleasingly plump
15—Mandeville	"Mandevil"	"Praise Peter!"	Flossed up
16—McAuley	Mildred	"You don't say so!"	Quiet
17—McCullock	"Maidie"	"Bad as it is, it could be worse"	Suitable
18—McGirt	"Margaret Magot"	"Well, good night!"	Pleasing
19—McIntyre	"Florie"	"Sure is so, too"	Lengthy
20—McLeod	Margaret	"Like ———"	Sufficient
21—McNeill	Hannah	"Well ———"	Enthusiastic
22—McRacken	"Ada Mac"	"You couldn't in forty years!"	Trim
23—Morton	"John Watt"	"I'll do what I *bloomin' please!*"	Jolly
24—Nowell	"Rufie"	"M-m-m-m-m-m-m-m!"	Calm
25—Ramsey	"Julie"	"Good-*night!*"	Studious
26—Street	"Big Sis"	"How I hate to study!"	Steady
27—Wakefield	"Phoebus"	"Good evening, Hazel!"	Extensive
28—Whitted	"Kawkie"	"My-y-y!!"	All there
29—Whiteside	"Billie"	"Oh—!"	Cheerful

Favorite Article of Dress	Can You Imagine Her?	Really Is
Black and white Checked dress	Not in a good humor	A French shark
Senior middy	Unhappy	Musical
Brown sweater	As a ballet dancer	A tennis fiend
New blue scarf	Not talking	A genius
Black sweater	Untidy	Dependable
Coat-suit	Flirting	Capable
Blue gingham dress	Without a book	Brilliant
Little brown jumper	On time	Cute
Tennis shoes	As the "*timid* young thing"	A good sport
Gingham dress	Not writing to Alston	In love
The appropriate thing	Playing kid parts	A loyal Senior
Middy suit	With black hair	Independent
Tan sport hat	Being an Old Maid	A flapper
Tan and brown oxfords	Not eating	Popular
Red feather hat	"Skinny"	A "prima donna"
Red sweater	Running wild	Mildred
Collars	Beating 'round the bush	Intellectual
Coat sweaters	With fifteen children	A friend in need
Blue scarf	In a hurry	"Quite the stuff"
Hair pins	Without the "Dodge"	Just Margaret
Plaited skirt	Missing questions in history	A decided blonde
Beads	As a gym teacher	Lovable
Blue coat-suit	Not wearing her Senior ring	Clever
Shirt-waist and skirt	Falling below "par"	Sincere
Gingham dress	Not liking math	Earnest
White shoes	Being a flapper	Serene
Green middy	Not going out for sports	Frank
Hair nets	With her hair skinned back	Efficient
Black sweater	Not answering "call-to-arms"	Loved by all

Prophecy

AS the hour of parting drew near and I realized that soon the Class of '23 must go forth—either to higher schools of learning or out into the world of affairs, I, despite hopes and faith in the future, developed an intense longing to know something of that future spread so luringly before us. I wanted, like Tennyson, to

"Dip into the future, far as human eye could see,
See the vision of the world, and all the wonders that would be."

In this mood I called on the phantome of the years past and present of Flora Macdonald history, to throw upon the future the light of other years and reveal to me my class-mates. The vision came, and because the circumstances attending it were so unusual I shall tell them to you now. Late one afternoon as the shadows were fading into the gray blue of twilight, I had strolled across the campus and seated myself on a stone at the edge of the amphitheatre. The round white moon shone dimly through the white mist in the sky, as I made my supplication to the unseen spirits of Flora Macdonald. Suddenly the amphitheatre became a pool whose waters sparkled like dew-drops at sun-rise. Down from the moon there shot a shaft of shimmering light straight into the pool, turning its waters to gold. As I gazed in amazement a figure tall and stately, robed in folds of blue and white and wearing a seal on her breast, arose out of the pool and the spirit of Flora Macdonald stood before me. "I am the prophet of your destiny. Fame, love, fortune, or ill luck, I can reveal to my daughters. The moon-beams are my messengers and if you gaze intently into yonder pool of 'What Was and What Is To Be,' they will show *you what you* desire to know." As the spirit ceased speaking there came to me out of the still depths of the pool the sound of bells, joyously ringing, and Mendelssohn's Wedding March played softly. Through the flower-laden fragrance of a June morning there came a bridal procession. It passed into a church decorated with white roses, white lilies, and white candles. As the bride in white satin and tulle stood before the altar and the solemn words of the minister fell upon the hushed air, "I pronounce you man and wife," I realized that Annie Lee Funk was no more.

A crowded lecture hall grew to a reality before my eyes. There was a loud burst of applause from the audience as a learned looking gentleman finished his introduction of the South's most celebrated pedagogical lecturer, Margaret Hall, who would speak to the mothers, fathers, and teachers of her home town on the value and proper direction of the social instinct in children.

Suddenly there occurred in the pool a series of rythmic movements, a flutter of filmy garments, a flash of bare arms and a distant sound of music, but the vision was so obscured that I couldn't make out what it was until a faint breeze blew the enveloping mist across the face of the pool. I looked then and saw twelve or fifteen of Philadelphia's leading women dressed in filmy gauze and ballet slippers pirouetting to the music of a victrola on the grass under the trees. "I've lost ten pounds since I began aesthetic dancing," I heard one fat lady say as they all seated themselves on the grass and began sipping lemonade out of tall glasses. "Yes," replied the slender, dark-haired director, "aesthetic dancing certainly has all the others beat," and from the sound of her voice I recognized Lucy Hunsucker. From New Orleans to Philadelphia had roamed Lucy, teaching aesthetic dancing as a sure prevention against the oncoming fat of middle age.

Through the still depths of the pool there next came a magnificent flood of light and colors in every tone and hue of the rainbow, and Paris in all her witching beauty appeared before me. Through the Boulevard ———— there came a briskly stepping American girl who passed into the Grand Opera House. Here, when comfortably seated, she took out a tiny gold pencil and a leather-bound note-book and began to take notes of the latest tendencies in the world of fashion, which is always represented in the Grand Opera House. Perhaps a few Parisiennes tilted their noses slightly at her, but what did Mary McCulloch care? Was she not director of America's most exclusive designers' guild and receiving $15,000 per year for her contributions to the world of fashion?

Crowds and crowds of little men and women dressed in furs from head to toe began to pass before my eyes. A distant land all covered with snow and ice as far as eye could reach unfolded

itself and over it fluctuated the Aurora Borealis, who was putting in her annual appearance in far-away Finland. The large athletic young woman who moved about among the Eskimos and exhorted them to come over the hockey field and get their shine knocked off, was none other than Phoebe Wakefield. I marvelled that the little men and women appeared so indifferent when I remembered the awe in which Phoebe's physical prowess had always kept me in the old days at College.

Main Street, in Maxton, N. C., next appeared, and on a sign-board in front of the biggest building there, situated on the busiest corner, read "Jones & McGirt, Designing and Tailoring Establishment." From the appearance of the interior of the building it would appear that not only Maxton, but all the surrounding towns would find all their shopping problems solved. Misses Jones & McGirt had reduced Designing and Tailoring to such a fine art that they could turn out *Distinctive* and *Individual* garments at a price on a par with the ready-to-wear houses.

I saw the public square of a small South Carolina town. In the center of an excited group of people was an aeroplane, and a young woman gesticulating excitedly as she talked to the rapidly increasing crowd. "On Mars," she was saying, "they have perfected a system of language by which one is able to talk forever without ever bothering to *think*." Vera Coe had just returned to her home town from a trip to Mars, where she had been the honored guest of His Honor, the president, Mr. Ghkrrimp Thymque.

As Vera and her spell-bound audience receded from view, cocoanut and palm trees and little black people began to appear and gradually assumed the form of a South Sea Island. A small white woman in a Highland Scotch costume presently appeared and began to urge all the little black girls to leave off drinking cocoanut milk and come over to the gym and learn the Highland Fling. Mamie Baker had left home and friends in order that these little black girls might not die in ignorance of "toe dancing."

A full moon rode high in the sky above a country lawn. It must have been a Spring night, for the odor of wisteria came faintly on the breeze and the leaves were green. A man and maid were there and as red-headed Miriam Harrison tilted her chin and walked disdainfully away from him, I heard the familiar words, "You know I'm a creature of moods, leave me!" "Poor man," I thought, "I can sympathize with him."

A large room, equipped with all the furnishings of a real home, but in size to suit children of kindergarten age, next met my view. A voice was saying, "Here are the things for our afternoon tea," and as she spoke a dozen or more little girls began laying the tiny tables with all the precision of a skilled housewife. The lady who had spoken was Bonnie Bulla, and she was conducting this project school for the purpose of demonstrating her latest evolved pedagogical theory, that the kindergarten age is the time when the instinct which promotes efficient home-making is uppermost.

The atmosphere was changing. Over my senses stole the familiar odor of Formaldehyde. Around me appeared numerous girls busily working over wax-bottomed trays on which reclined "his majesty, Mr. Hop Toad." "Oh, Miss Street," one girl exclaimed, "do come here, for I believe I've located the cerebral ganglion." The instructor turned and I looked into the face of Lillian Street, B.S. and M.S.

Out of the half shadows of the pool a great white building slowly took form and from it issued the odor of anaethetics: Myriads of white beds, white tables, white gowned women and glittering steel instruments appeared around me. I looked and saw that every bed contained a child; some were emaciated and sad, some sullen and hopeless looking, but as a tall light-haired woman with a light in her eye and a purpose in her attitude appeared, every child's face softened and brightened. I looked again and recognized Billie Whiteside, the head nurse of the Charity Hospital for New York's outcast children. Beside her was a tall, distinguished-looking man, the hospital physician and Billie's husband.

A tiny speck of light came into the pool and out of it grew first a tennis racket, then Dess Black, holding it in one hand and in the other a silver loving cup for the Championship in Tennis of the Inter-State Tennis League of America. A host of friends and newspaper men stood around. "We really must go, my dear," I heard the elderly lady with her exclaim as they passed into a Packard limousine. "You remember that your husband is expecting you to go with him to hear Galli-Curci tonight." Wife of New Orleans' most influential lawyer takes up tennis as a past-time. Champion in college"—scribbled one of the newspaper men.

Change after change began to appear in the pool. I followed the half-distinct figure in blue serge as she boarded a railway train and climbed up the deck of a ship which bore her to

the Museums of England and France, where she seemed to be searching for some particular thing. From these she passed down into Italy, Spain, Portugal and the shores of the blue Mediterranean. At first I could not make out her occupation, but as a stronger beam of light from the moon glided across the pool I saw that she was visiting all of the curio shops along her route. "I wonder who she is, and what she is doing?" I said to myself, but before I could think further about it she was moving again. This tim eshe went on quite a long journey and visited a great many places on the way. At last she joined a caravan of camel drivers and came to the land of the pyramids, Egypt, and I felt the hot air of the desert sweep my face. It was here, while she was examining the mummy cloths in an ancient tomb of the year 2000 B. C. that the pool was flooded with light and I heard a well-known voice say, "I have an insatiable curiosity to know if these mummies ever took D .A. Five." It was my old friend Margaret Morton, who had received such an inspiration from this course that she had decided to devote her time to a study of the source and development of the designs of antique peoples. There was a suggestion in the pool of a book on this subject to be edited on Margaret's return to America and with a flutter of crisp new bills the vision faded.

After seeing so many of my friends in such strange and divers occupations I was happy at last to see a comfortable house in the country set well back from the road and shaded by giant oak trees. Through the front door I saw a large living room in buff and blue with rose chintz hangings. In the center of it was Ada McRacken, calmly rocking herself and looking as if there were nothing in the world about taking care of a man and a house that she did not know.

This scene of happy domesticity faded and in their stead I saw high mountain peaks. They were completely enveloped in white mist and I was wondering why I had been given this view when a breeze blew across the valley and carried the vapors away. In the valley was revealed a new industrial school for mountain girls. Inside Julia Ramsey, with the aid of one other, was teaching a student body of 150 pupils a great variety of subjects. How like Julia, I thought, always equally interested in every task that comes before her.

The tang of the salt sea breeze came to me and out of the waters Wilmington, N. C., erected itself. On a down-town office I read, "E. Whitted, Architect," and as I looked Eliza, looking just as business-like as ever, came down the steps talking to a lady in costly sables. "Yes," Eliza was saying, "the plan I have submitted to you can be erected at a cost of $25,000, and will be quite appropriate for that part of Wilmington in which you are intending to live." As the lady in the furs stepped into a Paige limousine I saw it was Mildred McCauley, who had been married ten years. Even I do not dare call his name, but I was assured that he was as rich as the proverbial Croesus. In a book-store which presently came within my line of vision a pile of newly bound books was rapidly diminishing before an ever-increasing demand. On the binding in gilt letters was printed "Poems of the Sea," by "E. Whitted," and on the fly-leaf, "Dedicated to the Class of '23." The Wilmington Times fluttered for an instant before me and I caught the words of a front page headline, "Woman's Club entertained Friday, June 6, 1936, in honor of their distinguished fellow-townswoman, Eliza MacKay Whitted, successful architect and promising poet."

I was in New York and walking down Fifth Avenue when my attention was attracted, even in that swiftly moving throng, to a slender girlish looking lady who was the most artistically gowned woman I had seen. Something hauntingly familiar about the poise of her head and her quick alive step had first attracted me, and the same indefinite something now led me to follow in the direction she was going. I came pretty soon to an establishment bearing the sign, "Monsieur and Madame Du Vaux, Designers and Gown Builders." I went into the reception hall, the quiet elegance of which assured me that none but N. Y. Ultra-fashionable were in the habit of coming here. I was about to retrace my steps, thinking that so exclusive a shop was no place for me, when the two proprietors entered and I recognized in my lady of Fifth Avenue my old class-mate and sharer in the woes of D. A. Alma Burgess Du Vaux.

The next scene was of a "Petit Ville" in Southern France. In front of a large school building were crowds of children playing. They were talking glibly in French, so glibly that I could comprehend only a part of their chatter. Not so, Flora McIntyre, however, because little about French escaped her in college and when the opportunity came to her of a position as English teacher in France, she was off on the next ship. I was told by an authority that the first thing she taught her pupils was an English translation of "Sois Toujours Comme La Violette," and the English equivalent of "Vous venez de la Province."

An edition of the musical America slowly took form next and on its front page a full-length picture of America's most popular opera singer, together with a very complimentary criticism by America's best musical critic and composer, attracted my attention. I swelled with pride when I recognized a member of my own Class of '23—Louise Mandeville, better known to us as Man-deville, with the accent on the *de*. "There is more than you have seen with your eyes," the spirit of Flora Macdonald said slowly, "but I shall open them." I looked again and there was a luxurious drawing room filled with artists and musicians who insisted that their host and hostess favor them with the host's latest and best-known composition, "My Love is a 'Poesy."

Through the still water of the pool of "What Was and What Is To Be," there came the glimmer of many harbor lights and out from the golden gates of San Francisco there passed a Pacific liner bound for the Orient. As the flutter of handkerchiefs grew indistinct in the distance and the forms of the people on board began to fade, just one face stood out clearly and distinctly with eyes turned toward the horizon. Janie Buchanan was leaving America—but not alone. The vision faded and in its place there appeared far away Japan and Gifu. On a cherry bordered street there stood an interesting looking building bearing the inscription, "Gifu School for Girls and Conservatory of Music." Inside were rows and rows of Japanese girls of twelve to twenty years of age, marshalled in line to greet their newly arrived President and Dean of Music. An American lady and gentleman entered, and I recognized them as the same I had seen leaving San Francisco harbor in the glory of the sunrise. The lady was Janie Buchanan————————?

An atmosphere of justice pervaded everything as I still gazed into the pool, a court-room appeared and on the judge's bench sat a learned looking person, who as she rose to read the verdict I recognized as Margaret MacLeod.

The scene shifted once again and I saw a great international athletic track meet in Paris. Athletes were all about, some jumping, some running and some playing hockey, but ever the winner in every hockey game was Hannah MacNeill. Among the Parisians she had gained great prowess, not alone because of her ability as an athlete but quite as much because of her charming manner of speaking French.

There was a tremendous stir in the waters of the pool. New York in a panoramic view was spread before me. It seemed that all New York was going in one direction. Magnificently gowned women in luxurious limousines, more soberly dressed people in less pretentious cars, people in street cars and people in taxis, all passed in the direction of the Metropolitan Opera House, where they were going that night to hear the biggest success of the season, Mary Alice Boyd, at the piano.

Again the moon threw a glimmering shaft of light across the magic pool. It shaded into the rosy glow and winking foot-lights of a stage in a dim theatre. A determined Juliet was telling a devoted Romeo to "deny thy father and refuse thy name" with all the old passion that Onie Ruth Erwin was accustomed to exhibit in the Public Speaking Class back at F. M. C. As the morning paper took form before me, I read in the Music and Dramatic Arts department that the new actress taking the part of Juliet was showing wonderful possibilities and that critics believed that she and her husband, who played Romeo with her, would be the successors of Southerland and Marlowe in the production of Shakespearean drama in the future.

But what should I see next? Piles and Piles of peach kernels and in the center of a perfectly equipped laboratory, Ruth Nowell testing a light colored substance in a test tube with all the patience of a Job. "At last," she cried in ecstacy, lifting the test tube on high! Ruth had made the discovery and her fame was assured. Peach kernels contained a substance which was a sure prevention of wrinkles. She had found the fabled "Fountain of Youth," and *Men* throughout all ages would rise up and call her blessed.

This vision too faded and for a long while there was nothing. Then ghosts of D.S. laboratories, newspaper offices, papers of all kinds came into the pool. Through these scenes one figure passed, always alone. I had just realized that the lone figure was myself when the vision faded. I suppressed a sigh of keen disappointment as I remembered——"that the fates are kind."

ANNA MAE CADDELL, Class Prophet.

PHOEBE WAKEFIELD
Most Independent
BILLY WHITESIDE
Sweetest
MARGARET McGIRT
BEST HOUSEKEEPER
BILLY WHITESIDE
Most Popular
MARGARET MORTON
Cutest
ALMA BURGESS
NEATEST
JANIE BUCHANAN
Most Musical
MARTHA MILLER JONES
PRETTIEST
BILLY WHITESIDE
BEST ALL ROUND

FLORA McINTYRE
most PRACTICAL
ANNIE LEE FUNK
most Attractive
HANAH McNIEL
most Athletic
ANNIE LEE FUNK
most stylish
RUTH NOWELL
Most
DIGNIFIED
ELIZA WHITTED
most Capable
ANNA MAE CADDELL
Most Intellectual
ONIE RUTH IRWIN
Most Optimistic
VERA COE
most Original

Senior Class Poem

Our knowledge gained these four years passed
Of books and folks and things that last,
Of friendship, play and honor true,
Flora Macdonald, we owe to you.
Know then, that we of "'23",
Whate'er we are, wher'er we be,
Will give the world a part of you,
As of its work our share we do.
You have our love and highest praise,
And always in the coming days
Through space and time we'll hear you call
And gladly answer one and all:
Dear Flora Macdonald.

JUNIOR

Junior Class

Motto: "Knowledge is Power" **Colors:** Green and Gold

Flower: Yellow Rose

Officers

MILDRED WEST.....*President*

IDA STREET.....*Vice-President*

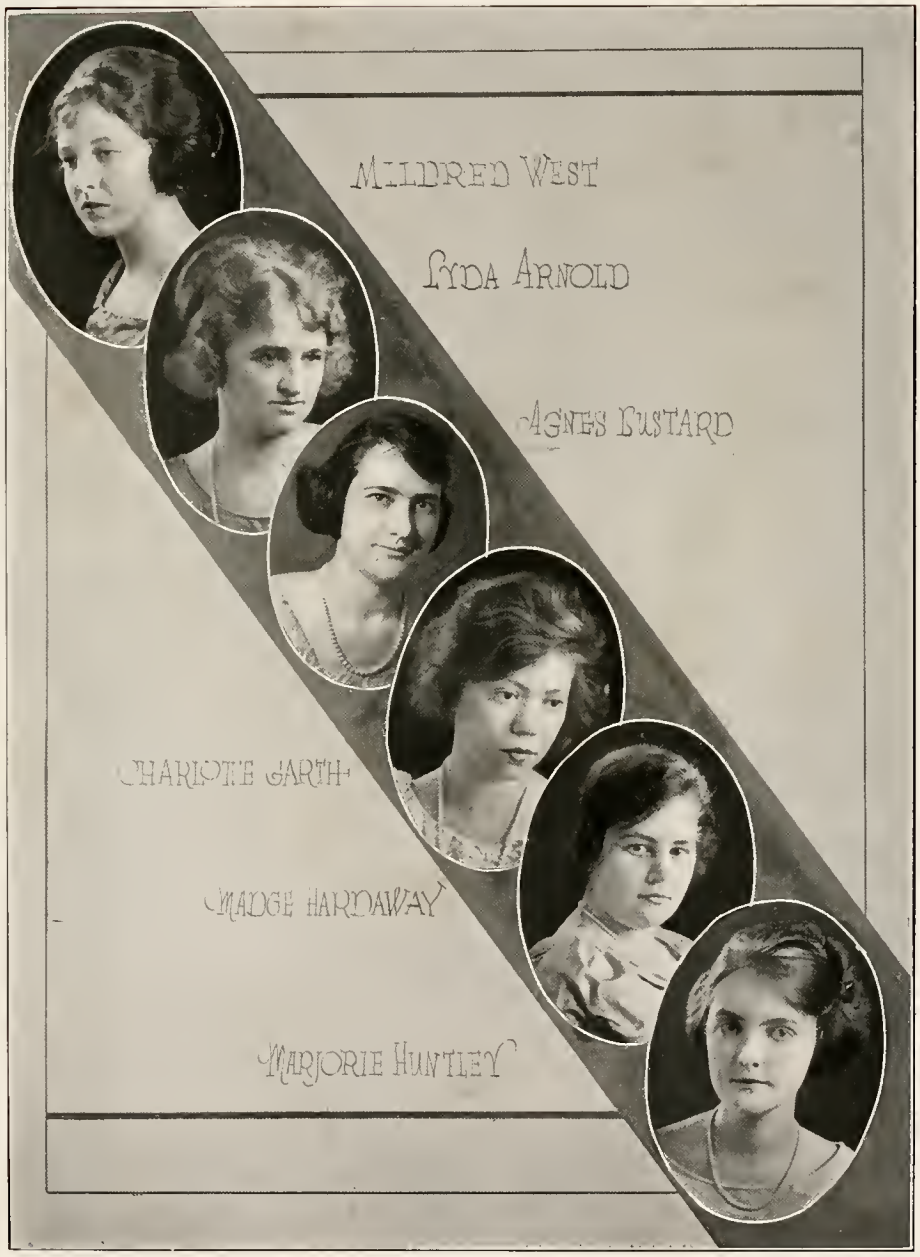
ELIZABETH SCOTT.....*Secretary*

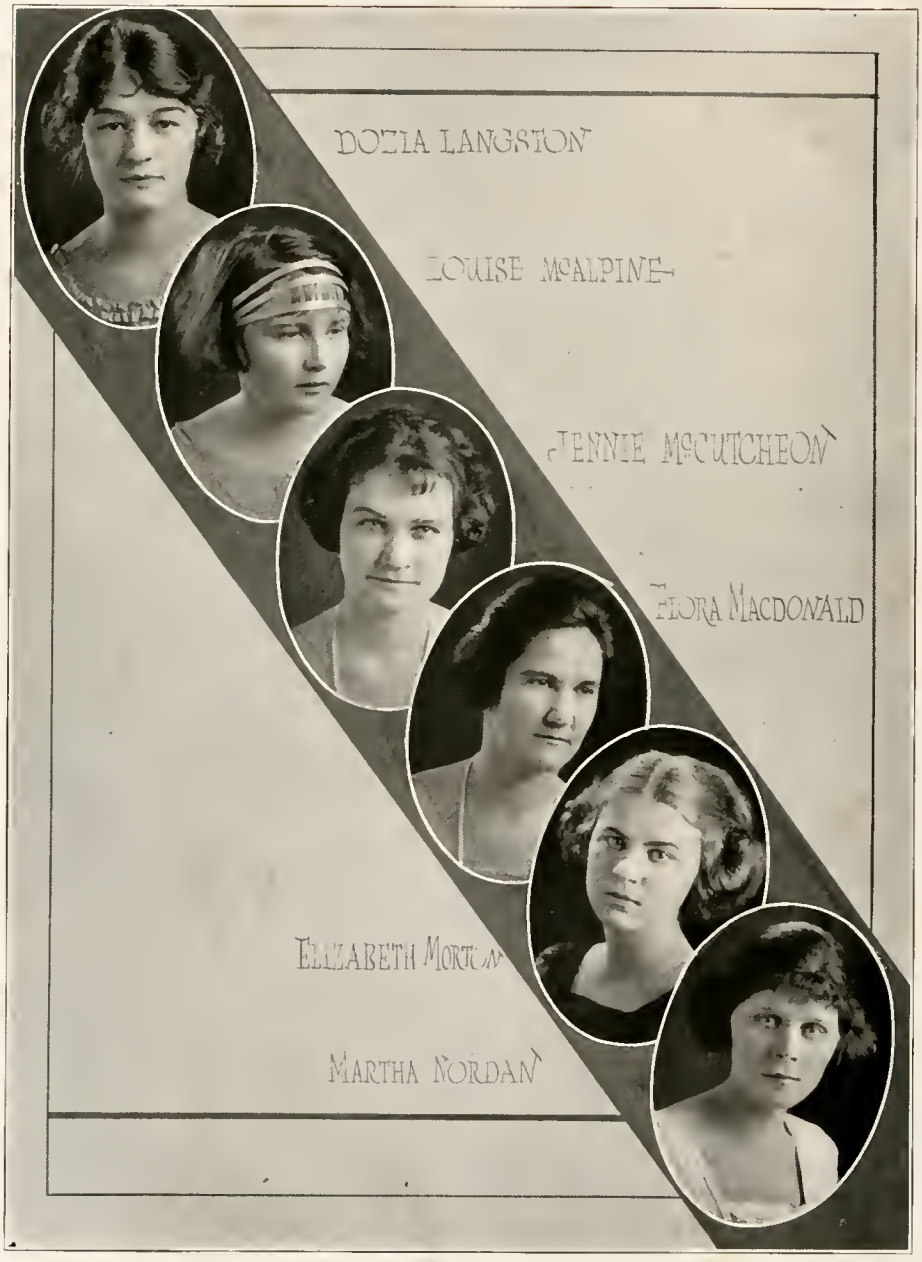
NELLE THOMASSON.....*Treasurer*

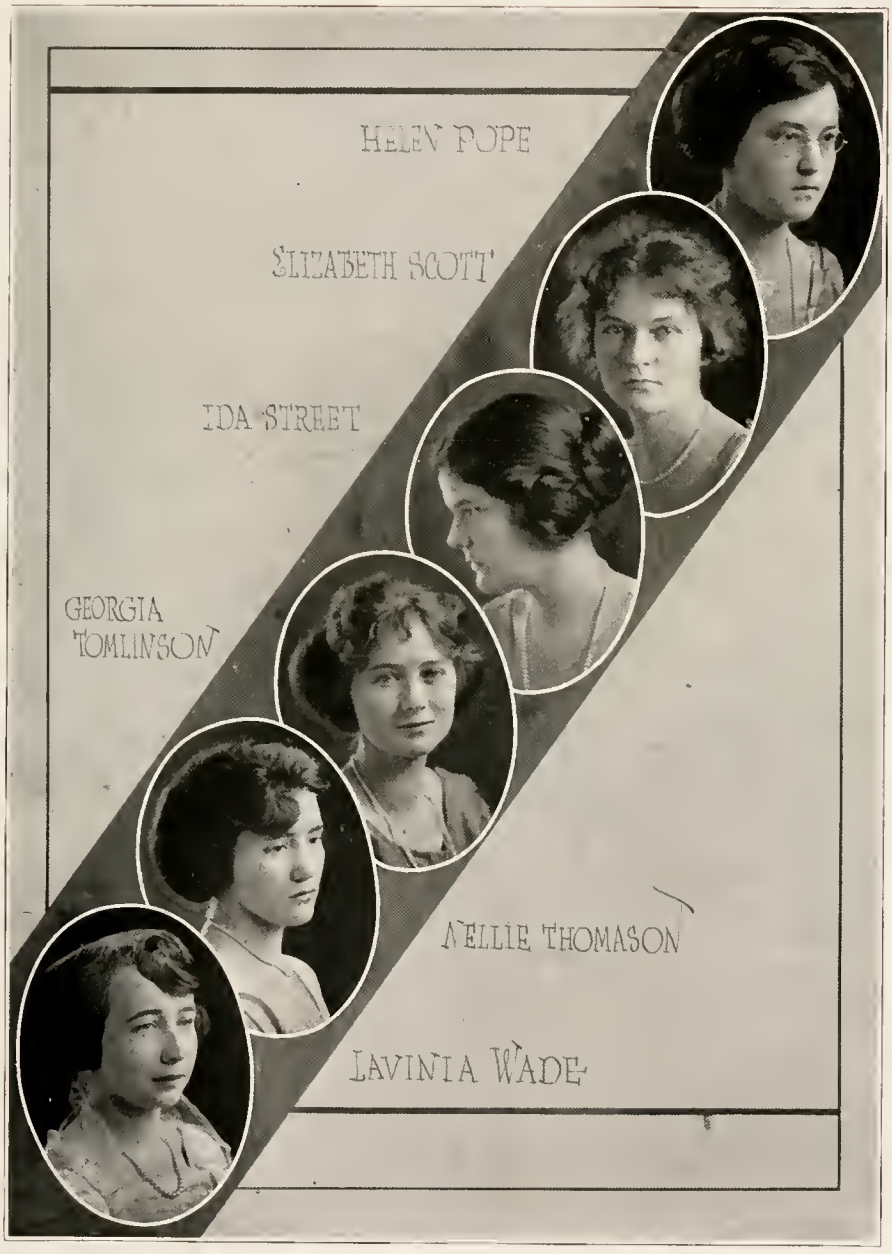
Junior Class Poem

T—o thee oh class of twenty-four,
Our love and loyalty give 'oer;
W—hile many have scattered 'oer the land,
Eighteen true hearts together stand;
E—arnestly striving to live aright,
We work and love with all our might;
N—earer to our caps and gowns,
Which we value more than Crowns;
T—he happy days glide swiftly by,
Each moment binds us with a tie;
Y—ears all filled with hope and cheer,
We owe our Alma Mater dear.

F—orward we go doing our best,
We have quality for our test;
O—our hearts are grasping, holding fast,
True ideals that always last;
"U"—are what has helped us thru,
U and U and U and U;
R—eady to do our share and **more,**
Comes the echo of **twenty four.**


MILDRED WEST
LYDA ARNOLD
AGNES EUSTARD
CHARLOTTE GARTH
MADGE HARDAWAY
MARJORIE HUNTLEY


DOZIA LANGSTON
LOUISE McALPINE
JENNIE McCUTCHEON
FLORA MACDONALD
ELIZABETH MORTON
MARTHA NORDAN


HELEN POPE
ELIZABETH SCOTT
IDA STREET
GEORGIA TOMLINSON
NELLIE THOMASON
LAVINIA WADE

History of the Class of 1924

A TINY space in Clio's voluminous scroll is dedicated to the history of the Class of 1924. It is a very insignificant record compared with the all-important ones like the World War, the coal strikes, and League of Nations, and many ignore it entirely, but in case there are some who might be interested we take the liberty of reproducing it here.

Early in the Fall of 1920 ninety-five frightened young women, for they were all frightened, whether they admit it or not, alighted from the train in Red Springs, North Carolina. From this body was mustered the Class of 1924.

We entered College, as most girls do—fresh and green—and were easily scared into obeying the Sophomores. Soon after our entrance we organized our class with "Orange and Green" as our colors, and under the motto "Knowledge Is Power." Our Freshman year wasn't all uphill work. The daily agonies of Solid Geometry, French, and Latin, mingled well with the good times that only Freshmen can have.

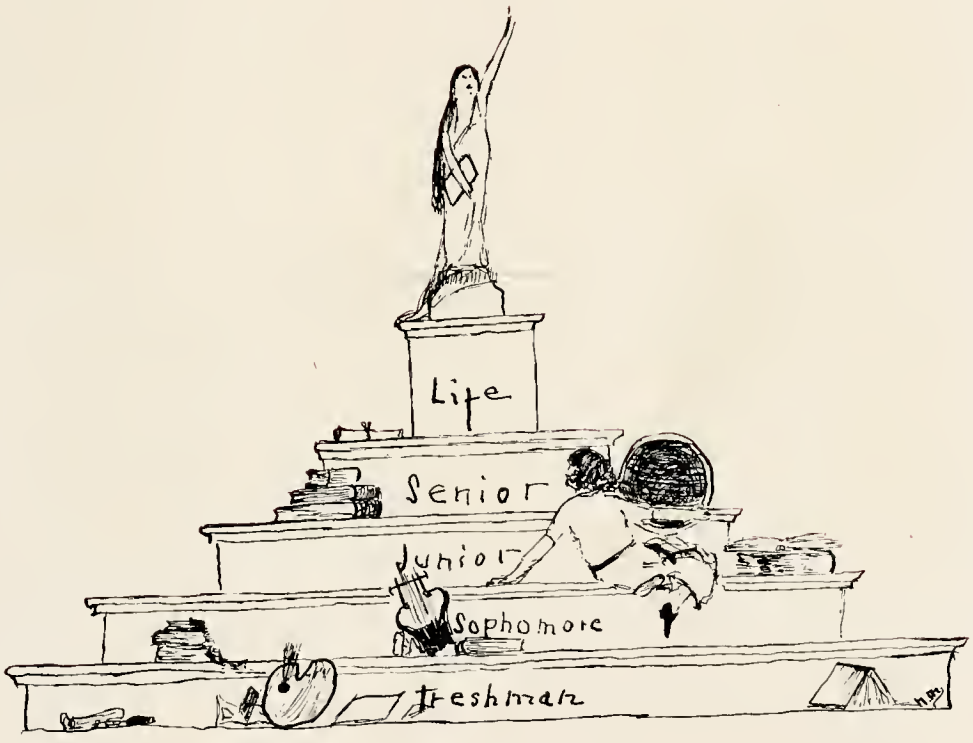
Having passed along the rugged road of Knowledge for nine months, we opened our eyes in unbelievable excitement to find ourselves in the midst of the greatest Commencement that Flora Macdonald has ever known. To us it was, indeed, the most exciting time that we had experienced during our stay at F. M. C. But we did not realize what it meant until one by one our friends departed, while tears rolled down our cheeks.

The following Fall 1924 returned endowed, in her own estimation, with the wisdom of Minerva. But she bowed beneath the iron rod of Sophomore English, and it was only after hours spent in the library in close confinement with such noted writers as Chaucer, Spencer, and Burns, was she able to hold up her head again. During the year we governed the "Freshies" in a commendable though not despotic manner and fitted them to become efficient Sophomores.

When we returned in the Fall of 1922 about three-fourths of our number were either lost, strayed or stolen. Anyway, they were not with us, and we missed them terribly. As Juniors, this year, we are filled with "diplomatic" hopes. We all hope while here to fit ourselves for the life of service we must live.

When we do go out into the world we intend to carry our share of life's responsibilities and to be loyal Alumni of our Alma Mater.

J. McCUTCHEN, '24.



SOPHOMORE

Sophomore Class

Motto: "The surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed"

Flower: Red Rose **Colors:** Red and Black

Class Officers

GRACE CARR---*President*
GRACE MOODY---*Vice-President*
MARGARET HANSEL---*Secretary*
GRACE GOODMAN---*Treasurer*

Class Roll

BARR, ALICE
BETHEA, DELL
BRANNEN, ELIABETH
BROWN, GRACE
BUTLER, HELENA
CARR, ALICE
CARR, GRACE
COOKE, LINDA
DALRYMPLE, ALICE
DEATON, CATHERINE
DELORME, MILDRED
DOUGLASS, MARGARET
DOUGLASS, LOUISE
DOWDLE, MARGARET
FRANK, VIRGINIA B.
FOUNTAIN, AVIS
GLASURE, RUTH
GOODMAN, GRACE
HANSEL, MARGARET
HERRING, ELEANOR
JOHNSON, M. LUCILLE
JONES, ONNIE
JONES, M. ORA
LEGGETT, CELESTE
LESTER, MARY LOU
LOVE, MARY
MAYNARD, CLAUDIA
McBRYDE, MARY
McCALLUM, LOUISE
McCUTCHEN, ELMA
McCUTCHEN, VIRGINIA
McGOOGAN, FLORABEL
McKINNON, PAULINE
McLAURIN, PEARL
McLEAN, JONSIE
McMILLAN, KATHERINE
McMURRAY, CHARLOTTE
McPHAUL, CHRISTINE
MILLS, IRENE
MOODY, GRACE
MORTON, NELLE
MORTON, MARY
NEESE, ANNIE LOUISE
PORTER, JULIA
RHODES, RUTH
SCOTT, SALLIE
SMITH, MIRIAM
STEVENSON, MABLE
TATE, LUCILLE
WARD, SELMA
YOUNG, CAROLINE
VAN DALSEN, MARTHA

Our History

Sophomores—"The Wisest Fools in Christendom."

PILLARED gateway, curving drive, broad portico, crowded rotunda, and N-O-I-S-E! "Horrors! Did we have to face *ALL* these strangers? Kind guardian angel, where do we go from here?" Anyone who has been a Freshman can live again its terrors of First Day with Miss Nineteen Twenty-Five, or ninety odd Misses, as she struggled with the mysteries and intricacies of registration, trembling-kneed faced first classes, and wept in the haven, queer haven! of a bare and dusty room, any number, any hall.

"Mother, I'm coming home," "I *wish* I were home," "I *hate* this place—stock phrases in September's interminable catalogue of days. But mysteriously and unexpectedly October brought teachers' smiles, pretty rooms, and winged spirits. "College wasn't so bad, after all." Then, with the first "taste of blood"—our recognition as a class—we felt our young importance "in embryo." Fall days flew on winged feet, Armistice Day with Geddes, a blessed oasis, until November 24th, Thanksgiving, with its diphtheria which took us homeward—where we could largely and importantly speak of the "hours we were carrying," "our college's policies," etc., etc. OH—it's a glorious feeling.

Then in the midst of school again athletics suddenly swamped the horizon. Victory, championship in basketball, and our first set of "rubber caps" ordered by a long-suffering band of teachers and fellow classes. But what fourth class *wouldn't* be a little "pepped up" over such prominence? And April 3rd bringing *our* Soph-Fresh Reception to "pep" still more.

Remember, gentle Miss or Sir, your first commencement? Probably your pulses have regained their gentle beat, your eyes their accustomed place, and your spirits, normalcy. But May Day, Class Day, Senior Play, and the Exercises still wake in us a thrill, with the hint of tears behind as we think of our young and unsophisticated hearts bidding our "big sisters" good-bye.

A short time—misery, *what* a short time, and the pillared gateway again. But this time with what ennui, or atempted ennui, we strutted in. "Those new girls can tell *I'm* old when they see the very way I walk. Poor things, wonder if I can help them. Goodness, I must hurry and see about my work." And so the second year began. The second year? The first of *real* work. Yet athletics, too, with hockey almost our god. And truth to tell, a little of old Nick still in us, if you credit the present Freshman class. But it's only in their interest, to make them as good as *we* are, or think we are, that we undertake their education.

So the days pass. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new"—and we truly find "the surest way not to fail is to determine to succeed." Thus Twenty-Five has won her name, and is still winning it. Wait for the Spring elections! You find perseverance, accomplishment, ability, sportsmanship, all in the dictionary—and in the *Sophomore Class*. On to victory—and Juniorhood!

E. BRANNEN, Historian.

FRESHMEN
HIGH SCHOOL

freshman class

motto: "dum vivemus bene viviemus" ("while we live, let us live well")

flower: california poppy **colors:** grey and orange

class officers

dorothy hope---------*president*

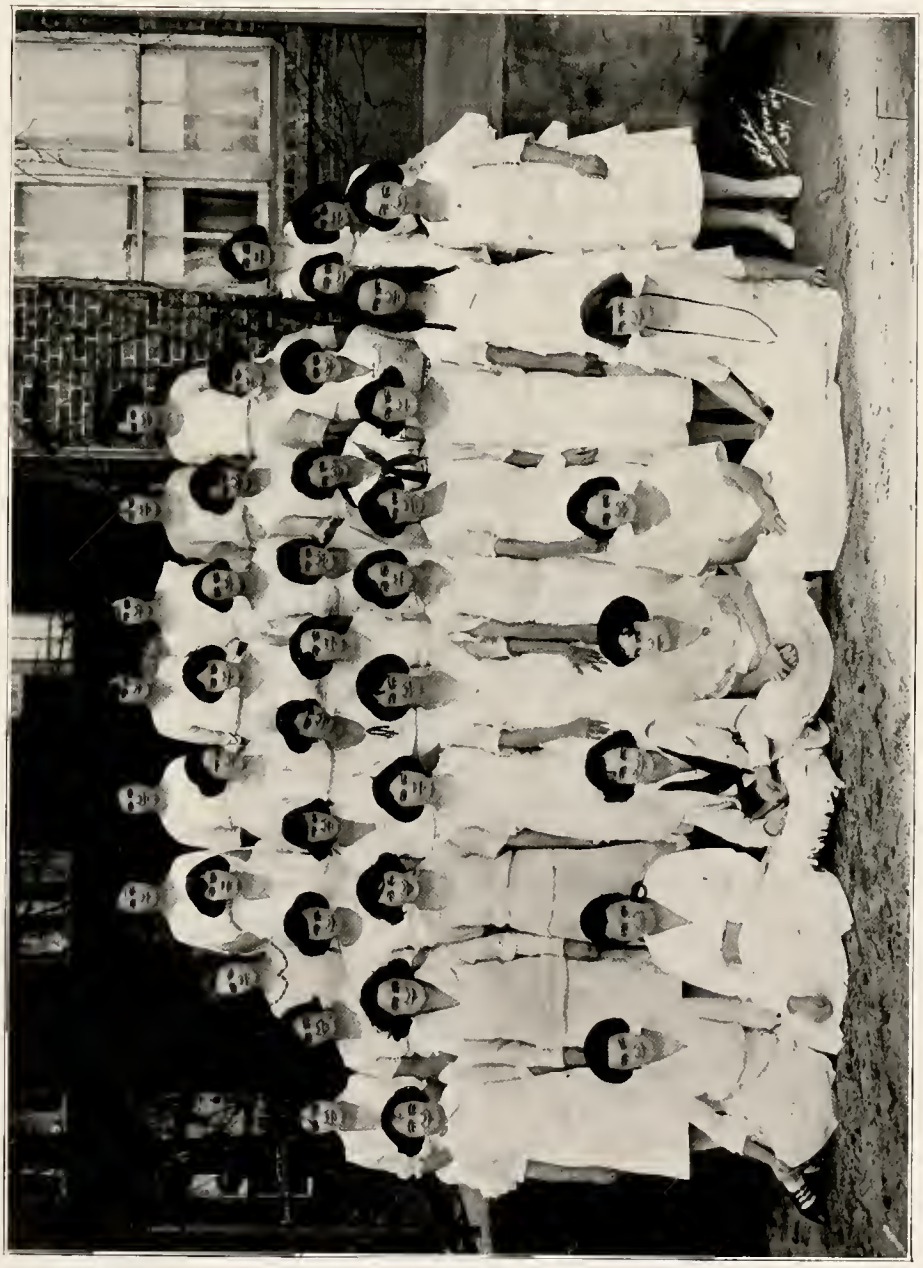
ferdinande poppe---------*vice-president*

sara frances marshal---------*secretary*

louise bennett---------*treasurer*

class roll

allan, jane adjer
baker, elizabeth
bean, annie
bennett, louise
bethea, louise
bradley, snowe
britt, nelle
brown, lollie
bouie, annie
carson, louise
chandler, irene
cook, mary
davies, louise
dees, sallie
ellis, margaret
evans, effie
felton, julia ann
floyd, annabel
frazier, lois creole
freeman, pearl
gibbs, eula
henderson, willie alma
hill, mary louise
hodgin, martitia
hope, dorothy
horton, mary kate
hughs, elizabeth
jackson, margaret
jenkins, sara
jenkins, theo
johnston, k. lucile
jones, truett
kitrell, ruth
lennon, mary lou
maness, maria
marshal, sara frances
maxwell, ora mate
mcdonald, viola
mcilveen, scott
mckinnon, rozelle
mcleod, agnes
mitchell, julia
monroe, bess
nauce, ava grey
owen, anne marye
poole, mae johnson
poppe, ferdinande
robinson, amy
russell, elizabeth
seabrooke, annie
shaw, mary e.
sikes, elizabeth
steele, janie mae
street, ruth
styles, alena
vardell, mary linda
wallace, elizabeth
wilcox, austin



Third Year Irregulars

FAIRCLOTH, HAZEL ---------- Conway, S. C.
HALL, MURPHY ---------- St. Pauls, N. C.
JOHNSON, ELSIE ---------- Belmont, N. C.
LATIMER, KATE ---------- Pageland, S. C.
NEELY, MAE ---------- Mocksville, N. C.
SINCLAIR, MAE ---------- Wilmington, N. C.
WOODRUFF, ELIZABETH ---------- Mocksville, N. C.

Second Year Irregulars

BAIN, NELLIE---Wade, N. C.
BROWN, AMANDA---Red Springs, N. C.
BROWN, ESTHER---Fairmont, N. C.
CRAWFORD, ALLIE---Lyerly, N. C.
DONNELL, MITTIE---Greensboro, N. C.
LAW, MARY---Elliott, N. C.
LEWIS, HAZEL---Middlesex, N. C.
McLEAN, JEAN---Windell, N. C.
McDONALD, ELIZABETH---Lincolnton, N. C.
PATTEN, METTA---Calypso, N. C.
WITHERSPOON, ELIZABETH---Rock Hill, S. C.
WILLIAMSON, FRANCES---Fayetteville, N C.

First Year Irregulars

ALLEN, VIRGINIA
ALFORD, TOCHIE
ARNETTE, ODESSA
ASBURY, MARY
ASHLIN, VIRGINIA
BACOT, MARIE
BEARD, LENA
CAUDELL, SALLIE
CARTY, JOSEPHINE
CAVENAUGH, MARY
CELLERS, MARY
CONOLFY, MARY
EDMINSTON, PAULINE
EDWARDS, CLAUDIA
ERWIN, RUTH
FAIRES, MARIE
FLETCHER
FLEMING, MARY ELIZABETH
FRYE, MARY
HARGRAVE, RUBY
HARRIS, MARTHA LAIRD
HORTON, MARTHA
HOUGH, NELL
HOUGH, WILMA
JOHNSON, MARGARET
JONES, ANNIE LEIGH
KIMBLE, NETTIE
LEDBETTER, MOLLIE
LEWIS, ELLEN
LITTLE, DAIZY
LOCKHART, HELEN
MARONEY, KATHERINE
MARTIN, ELBERTA
McCONNELL, ESTHER
McDANIEL, LEONA
McINTYRE, MARGUERITE
McKAY, MARY
McKEITHAN, SADIE
McMILLIAN, MARY BELL
McNEIL, KATHERINE
McQUEEN, VERNA
MENZIES, MARY STUART
MASSENGILLE, INA
MONROE, MAMIE
MOORE, AMORET
NORRIS, ELIZABETH
OLIVER, JESSIE
PHILIPS, SADIE
POLLARD, CAROLINE
PRICE, REBECCA
RADCLIFFE, ORA
ROBBINS, JULIA
SEAGO, CLARA
SAWYER, ETTA
SIKES, ELIZABETH
SMITH, JULIA
SPROULE, KATHERINE
TOMLINSON, ORA
WAKEFIELD, MARGARET
WALL, EFFIE
WILKINSON, ANNIE MAE
WILLIAMS, LOUISE
WILLIAMS, NORA
WOOD, MARY

Book II.

Literary

LITERARY

A Sprig of Heath

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou deck'd a favorite flower.

Flower of my heart! thy fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seen to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck my bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old my rustic sires,
Is all my simple wish requires.

The Set of Three: "Life as She's Lived" Auspicious—?

Bell ringing, sleep clinging, sighs sounding, resounding, forced waking, rest taking, all dressing, all fussing. It's the five-minute bell.

Visit F. M. C., oh explorer of life, on a Monday morning, preferably 7:25 a. m.; weather rather worse; object unbiased investigation. Take your stand near the rotunda and wait. For long? No, already the dusky servitor, faithful (under pressure) Jim, ambles from regions kitchenward to the Liberty (?) bell, which woe-betide fair maidens in regions above, is at its "time to ring again." Said time is forever inopportune, not to say disgusting, for instance when we birthday spread the night before, have just received seventy-odd proposals, a smile from every teacher, or like phenomena. And the aforesaid bell rouses us to "labor on."

Monday morning, remember! Hark to the chimes! Could mortal hear unmoved? Nay, verily! Not with four minutes to adorn herself and ease in the doors, four garments, shoes—note state of strings, and three hairpins to the good. To continue, said explorer, canst thou hear sounds through the marble halls? Methinks the silver notes have pierced the ears of earnest saintly maidens who are angels—*never more* (Poe never was our strong point, hence the mixture) and roused them from the arms of Morpheus, i. e., sleep, according to Homer or one of the ancient ones—we forget. There's a desperate sound of closing windows, if one had time to note state of weather in the rush, a breath through the house, too, whose source no doubt could be traced to accumulated sighs of three hundred fair Elaines rousing from their lily beds. Lancelot had nothing on downy couches if you talk of grief at deprivation of loved things. Then a frantic dressing, sounds of which sampled thus resembles a questionnaire: Martha, where's my other shoe? You seen my tie? You 'most dressed? Where is that hair net? and my powder puff? That the last bell?

It was! Now, questing visitor, view the ruins of the four-minute campaign. That dash around the corner with sundry peddlar's packs? Merely taking their laundry to the elevator. The rush to the insignificant box on second floor? Mail, my man, mail. All important that to get Sunday's letters off, home and otherwise. *And* other wise—

The last stage now. Here they come — tall, short, etcetera. Clothes on partly, etcetera. All the rest of it. You know the list. Watch out, a mad stampede. Most of 'em through the big doors—a few stragglers—tables full, chairs, Hush: A blessing on the meal, Seats, It's started—a new week—a beginning of sorts. Time will tell *what sort*—

E. B., '24

Cross Court Conversation As Is

Lonesome? Oh well, who wouldn't be looking at that sunset? It's queer, isn't it, that late afternoon brings back memories of home? And riding into the sunset, and dreams? And all the joys that hover phantom memories, round the dome of F. M. C.? Phantom memories, too far almost for retrospect save in this hour of "rest for the weary," classes over. When with apologies to Kipling, "faith we shall need it," meaning the rest. Let's sit in the window a while. Funny how every one of the hundred or so girls round the court had the same desire not long since.

Of course we are homesick, and we want to gaze this late afternoon into the blue distance and dream. But a little talk wouldn't hurt. Besides, we're feeling mean and, oh, no, there's no *rule* against it, but "we've heard" the faculty, exquisite arbiters, are not so keen on all "this loud talking cross court."

"Say, Hazel, who you writing to. It's *some* letter with all that concentration depicted on your fair countenance."

"It ought to be, I'm lonesome."

"Hurry up, so I can tell you what happened 'down the street Monday."

"Most there. Look at the way that crazy's fixing her locks over yonder, while I finish."

"Want me to play the uke? Little soft inspiration."

Huh, Miss Smith's in her room—Called us down twice already and told us to read Lamentations or Psalms or something, and reform.

"She's not there now." Then strains of music. Music? It all depends on the critic.

"Say, it you can carry a tune, carry it down to the furnace and leave it."

"Marvelous musician criticising—not! You woke us up yelling this morning—Hurry, Hazel, tell 'em a joke and stop."

"No funny stuff allowed. This is strictly—er—business. Anyhow, nothing's funny these days. I just sent my report home."

You know what that lady gave me in—Wait a minute—Come.

Silence from first room. Five minutes linger on. Then a penetrating whisper, still "cross court," however.

"Hazel, go to sleep—she's coming with some more scripture—And we weren't doing a thing. Told me if we wanted to talk across court to get a telephone."

Oh yeah! Cross court operator! Mercy, there she is.

Sudden quiet, Finis, Postum. There *was* a reason, a female arbitrating one. Second installment when "the cat's away." It happens ever thus. Will we never learn according to childhood days, that written or unwritten, rules *is* rules? And authority, peace to its iron-bound soul, reigns supreme.

E. B., '24.

Here in our F. M. C. Live the 300

Tennyson and his courageous light brigade—a childhood lesson. And we three hundred follow in their footsteps, though our battlefield is F. M. C. and our phase of life only that of school in our long journey, "travelers from the cradle to the grave." Temptations and trials we see, compensations and rewards—but through it all our wagons are hitched to the stars of high endeavor—ye stars, the poetry of heaven, hear our dreams and help us "so live" that the summons find us ready, aye, ready to leave our footprints worthy—

Small things are hardest, and petty rules confining. 'Twould be *so* easy to "get water" after light bell, to miss "the hour out," to forget "quiet hour" the rest—but ever the still whisper in us: "Is that the height of *your* honor?" And we find we no longer are thirsty, that out-doors is calling, that bells are a convenience, not a bane. A little word, honor, but it gilds the smallest deed and thought. And gilding the smallest, leaves no room for the larger deeds ever to exist except in honor-bound ways. Rules are guide lines, trials a joke, live for honor and others—and life's sunshine smiles upon you.

"That best portion of a good man's life
His little nameless, unremembered acts

Of kindness and love"—somehow gives a suggestion that in service we forget self and petty trials. Lessons go easier, life becomes golden—

And the compensation? What more could we need that we result just seen. Yet more joys are heaped on more. Friends are soul-mates, and we find them; study is learning that enriches, we have it; every phase of life comes to us and we live, live. Four years of broadening, four years' experience 'till we "are women grown" and "come into life's heritage"—

F. M. C.—here's to you! Our best and our future salute you—Sorrows and joys, college for us—and *all* the *300* join in.

E. B., '24.

A Legend of the Creek in Paradise

Long ago, when the Earth was young—
When Flora Macdonald was new,
Paradise boasted no tranquil stream
Reflecting the trees and the blue.

Only a beautiful wood was there,
Where the College girls loved to roam,
Thinking sweet thoughts of their mothers dear,
And dreaming sweet dreams of Home.

And often they sat on a shady stone,
In pensive, sorrowful mood,
And when the thoughts came creeping o'er
They wept in solitude.

And salt drops falling one by one
Soon made a little pool,
And the fairies left their flower-cup homes
To bathe in its waters cool.

And more tears swelled the pool till it grew,
And it soon became a stream.
The College girls play in its waters dark
And sit on its banks to dream.

Once in a while a tear will fall
And mingle itself with the rest,
But 'tis few who know how bitter the drops
That had an end so blest.

SALLIE SCOTT, '25.

"There is no Time Like Spring"

ESTER-ANNE just *felt* that it was going to be a good day. It had had an auspicious beginning in that she had actually waked, dressed and slipped down-stairs before Mother called her (thus saving a good ten minutes' wear and tear on Mother's patience and vocal cords). It was one of those unspeakably beautiful mornings of early Spring when the glory of living and growing things makes you feel like catching the whole world in your arms and dancing with it—it just has to be something foolish and impossible to express your exuberance. I don't know if you know how Ester-Anne felt or not—I think I do. She began by taking Mother, though, in a great big hug, and then Bobby and Elsie, but she was tactful enough to substitute bringing a bucket of water for Jack's hug—Jack would have resented that as an everlasting insult to his nine-year-old dignity.

The world was a glorious place. Everything went beautifully. Bobby and Elsie refrained from satisfying their insatiable desire to investigate the contents of her lunch basket and book strap as per usual; her hair had curled wonderfully, even to that very behind one that was so hard to reach, and she was wearing a new ribbon and a pretty starched-up blue gingham dress and white shoes. A *very* dressed up little girl! When she put on the dress, she thought about what Tommy Carson said once—that it was just the color of her pretty eyes. She thought about it and then shrugged her little shoulders haughtily—she *hated* boys, they were so mean and hateful. She and her chum, Virginia, had solemnly sworn never to like them, not even when they got to be young ladies with their hair done up and high-heeled slippers. Still, she often thought about his thinking her eyes were pretty, and she leaned a little closer to the mirror and wondered if he thought they were "deep violet wells of mystery" like the heroines in her story book.

She kissed Mother and the babies good-bye affectionately and skipped off to school humming a gay little song—full to the brim with the joy of living and the spirit of Spring.

"I feel," she told herself, "as if something is going to happen to me today—some vital change in my life." ("Vital" was a word she had just acquired yesterday and she felt puffed up with pride at using it correctly in a sentence. She liked the sound of that sentence, and she said it over to herself several times—it was so grown-upish. She would say it to Virginia when she met her a little further on). And so she went on, a little pensive now at the thoughts of the overhanging change—it might be inheriting a fortune, or being a heroine by saving the lives of some of the children from the burning school house, if it would just conveniently catch fire. She could imagine herself cheered by the crowd and taken home to her Mother, who would cry a little because she was so proud of her, but she, Ester-Anne, would be modest through it all. Or it *might* be her prince charming on a coal-black charger would ride along even right now behind her and—but here she blushed guiltily and felt like a traitor to her solemn vows. And so she went on thinking those deep, deep thoughts of youth, so often savoring of tragedies and romance. (Ester-Anne was thirteen).

Virginia was met at the usual place. She too felt the exuberance of Spring in her veins, and the two, a veritable Damon and Pythias, went on their way rejoicing. Faithful Tommy Carson, who always met them at the foot of the hill with an offer to carry their books, was snubbed even more cuttingly than ever and the two little maids titlted their saucy chins in the

air and swept past, talking in animated whispers of "great changes." Virginia too had caught the queer little feeling that something was going to happen.

The day did turn out beautifully. Never before had Ester-Anne had such creditable recitations, never before had she been so much the center of the games as she had been at lunch time, and never before had she been so conscious of Tommy's mute admiration. Incidentally, too, never had brave knight worked against such tremendous odds. She was more scornful than ever. But every dog has his day, or perhops a more apt quotation would be, "Persistence will win out;" anyway Tommy's hour struck. Spelling came the last thing in the afternoon and it was a very exciting time. If you stayed "head" a week, you got a head mark, and if you missed a word and the next one in line spelled it, he or she "trapped" you, which was terribly galling to your pride. Now it so happened on this particular day that John Sims was head, Ester-Anne next, and the detested (?) Tommy next. Everything went well until the third word from the last in the lesson. It came to John, and it was "Caoutchouc" (Ester-Anne had looked it up and it meant hard rubber). It was a terribly mix-ey up word.

"Caoutchouc, John," Miss Morris said. Then followed a moment of dazed silence, John shuffled his feet, he twisted, he writhed and finally blurted out that that word wasn't in his book—a giggle—then "next," from Miss Morris crisply.

A whole day of unclouded triumph had made Ester-Anne over-confident, and gloating over her chance to trap head, she spelled the word—*wrong!* "Why, Ester-Anne," Miss Morris said in a surprised tone. "Next, Tommy."

Oh! *Why* had she said that? It was bad enough just to miss the word—it was hard just being trapped—it was *torture* to be trapped by Tommy, and on *this* day. She was abjectly miserable. Shamed tears came to her eyes and she dropped her head so her curls falling would hide them from Tommy. But what was that she heard—Tommy was spelling—he missed the word, and she could somehow tell from his tone that he knew how. He would not trap *her*. The one next got the trap, but it didn't so much matter now—there was a warm glow around her heart and she felt differently towards Tommy. She wanted to shyly slip her hand into his —she wanted to tell him she liked him. The tears that were just ready to fall, never did—she walked back to her seat almost joyfully.

Just before the closing bell, Tommy walked past her desk with that careless swagger and eyes steadlly fixed in front of him that is always like hanging out a sign, saying "I'm passing notes," and dropped a piece of paper folded into an incredibly small ball into Ester-Anne's lap. Inside was scrawled, "I wouldn't have trapped *you* for anything," and down in the corner was a heart with an arrow through it.

Virginia wept going home that afternoon. Ester-Anne was faithless—absolutely faithless. She was walking home with Tommy Carson and he was carrying her books, and she, Virginia, had plainly not been wanted. She could not bear it! Poor Virginia. Such is the way with a man and a maid—hard on a third party!

As for the "great change"—the day had marked one more vital than Ester-Anne knew. She was a child no longer—nobody can be a little girl when she leans over the gate twenty minutes talking to somebody's "little boy!"

BILLIE MAE WHITESIDE, '23.

Book III.

Organizations and Clubs

CLUBS —
AND
ORGANIZATIONS

Y. W. C. A. Cabinet

BILLIE WHITESIDE---President
CHARLOTTE McMURRAY---Vice-President
AVIS FOUNTAIN---Secretary
FLORA McINTYRE---Treasurer
ELLEN BLACK---Undergraduate Representative
RUTH NOWELL---Chairman of Religious Meetings Committee
MADGE HARDAWAY---Chairman of Missionary Committee
BONNIE BULLA---Chairman of Bible Study Committee
MARGARET MORTON---Chairman of Social Service Committee
ADA McRACKAN---Chairman of Association News Committee
ONIE RUTH ERVIN---Chairman of Social Committee
MARY ALICE BOYD---Chairman of Music Committee
ELIZA WHITTED---President of Student Body

TO those of us who have had the privilege of working with and for the "Y," among the sweetest memories of college days will be those of the dear old Association, the quiet times around the cabinet table, the warm sweet friendships formed there in striving together to uphold a common purpose—the purpose of the Y. W. C. A. There is something almost sacred about those memories.

Before school opened, the cabinet spent two restful, quiet days at Lake Graham—two very strengthening days, before the bustle of getting new girls welcomed and settled.

The Religious Meetings Committee has worked faithfully and well on our prayer meetings and as a result there has been a very marked improvement in all our meetings, especially those on Wednesday nights, both in attendance and interest.

Our Thanksgiving offering went towards furnishing a room in the Stuart Robinson School, in Blackey, Ky.; $106.25 was sent from the Association to the Near East Relief. The girls responded remarkably well to the call for the relief of the New Bern fire sufferers. A box of clothes, warm, serviceable and in excellent condition was sent to them. The Social Service Committee, with the help of other girls, sent a box of baby clothing, at Christmas time, to a mission in the mountains of Virginia.

A very beautiful White Gift Christmas service was held on December 17, 1922. Our offering was $124.00, and besides the gifts of money there were very many gifts of self and service for the King. The service was made specially impressive by a Christmas Cantata, rendered by the chorus, under the direction of Miss Mary Forman.

A victrola record cabinet, a rug, and a new book-case have been installed in the "Y" Hall. The number of books in the library is steadily increasing. Under the direction of the Association News Committee the library has been gone over, renumbering done and a card system installed.

A successful reading contest was put over by the World Fellowship Committee, and through their efforts a great many more missionary books have been read than usual.

The Social Committee has put games and other attractions in the "Y" Hall, and it is a real joy to see the girls gather there around the victrola in the evenings having a good "homey time."

The biggest thing perhaps is something that is being started under the direction of the "Y," that of answering the appeal of one of our alumnae, Miss Anna McQueen, for $1,000.00 for her work in Korea. It is our earnest desire that Flora Macdonald's daughters will raise this money. Hundreds of letters have been sent out enclosing the appeal and already checks are coming in even byond our expectations. We hope that the money will be in Miss McQueen's hands before many months.

To you who have the privilege of carrying on the work in the future, we would leave our heartiest good wishes, the assurance that we are backing you by our interest and prayers, and the hope that your year may be as rich, as sweet and as helpful to you as this year has been to us.

BILLIE WHITESIDS, President "Y."

Pine and Thistle

Editorial Staff

ANNA MAE CADDELL, Z.----------Editor-in-Chief

HANNAH McNEILL, E. X.----------Assistant Editor-in-Chief

Assistant Editors

SALLIE SCOTT, Z.
GRACE MOODY, Z.
KATHERINE McMILLAN, Z.
MARY McCULLOCH, E. X.
MARY LOVE, E. X.
BONNIE BULLER, E. X.

FLORA McDONALD, E. X.----------Business Manager

JULIA RAMSAY, Z.----------Assistant Business Manager

The
WHITE
HEATHER

EX

Epsilon Chi Literary Society

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LILLIAN STREET ..... Corresponding Secretary
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CHARLOTTE McMURRAY ..... Chaplain
HAZEL FAIRCLOTH ..... Critic

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JONES, TRUITT
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McCRACKEN, ADA
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OWEN, ANNIE MARYE
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SCOTT, ELIZABETH
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JENNIE McCUTCHEON	Corresponding Secretary
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ANNIE MAE CADDELL	Critic
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HUNSUCKER, LUCY
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JOHNSON, M. LUCILE
KIMBLE, NETTIE
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LESTER, MARY LOU
LEWIS, ELLEN
LEWIS, HAZEL
MANDEVILLE, LOUISE
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MAXWELL, ORA
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MORTON, MARGARET
MORTON, MARY
MORTON, NELLE
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McINTYRE, FLORA
McINTYRE, KATHERINE
McINTYRE, MARGUERITE
McKINNON, PAULINE
McKINNON, ROZELLE
McLAURIN, PEARL
McLEOD, AGNES
McLEOD, KATIE BLUE
McMILLAN, KATHERINE
McMILLAN, MARY BELLE
McNEELY, SARAH
McNEILL, JOSIE
McPHAUL, CHRISTINE
McQUEEN, VERNA
NORDAN, MARTHA
PATTEN, METTA
POLLARD, CAROLINE
POOLE, MAE JOHNSON
POPPE, FERDINANDE
PORTER, JULIA
RAMSEY, JULIA
RHODES, RUTH
ROBINSON, AMY
SAWYER, ETTA
SCOTT, SALLIE
SHAW, MARY
SINCLAIR, MAE
STEVENSON, MABLE
THOMASSON, NELLIE
VAN DALSEN, MARTHA
WALL, EFFIE
WALLACE, ELIZABETH
WARD, SELMA
WHITTED, ELIZA
WILCOX, AUSTIN
WILLIAMS, LOUISE
WILLIAMS, NORA
WOOD, MARY
YOUNG, CAROLINE

LOUISE MANDVILLE
MARY LOU LESTER
MARGARET HALL
MARGARET MORTON
Zeta Tau Alpha

Public Debate

QUERY: "Resolved, That the United States Should Cancel All War Debts."

Affirmative

MARY McCULLOCH, E. X.
ELIZABETH BRANNEN, Z.

Negative

ANNIE LEE FUNK, E. X.
ANNIE MAE CADDELL, Z.

Georgia Club

Flower: Cherokee Rose

Song: "Georgia"

Officers

LOUISE MANDEVILLE ---- President
MIRIAM HARRISON ---- Vice-President
ALICE CARR ---- Secretary
LYDA ARNOLD ---- Treasurer
ONIE RUTH ERWIN ---- Cheer Leader

Members

ARNOLD, LYDA
ASBURY, MARY
BRANNEN, ELIZABETH
BRITT, NELLE
CARR, ALICE
CARR, GRACE
CRAWFORD, ALLIE
EDWARDS, CLAUDIA
ERWIN, ONIE RUTH
GIBBS, EULA
GLASURE, RUTH
HARRISON, MIRIAM
JENKINS, SARAH
LESTER, MARY LOU
LOCKHART, HELEN
MANDEVILLE, LOUISE
MARTIN, ELBERTA
McALPINE, LOUISE
VAN DALSEM, MARTHA

Honorary Member: MR. RICE

Virginia Club

Flower: Dogwood **Colors:** Orange and Blue

Song: "Old Virginia"

AGNES BUSTARD ..... President
SALLIE SCOTT ..... Vice-President
RUTH RHODES ..... Secretary and Treasurer

BAKER, ELIABETH
BUCHANAN, JANIE
BUSTARD, AGNES
CARSON, LOUISE
McMURRAY, CHARLOTTE
OWEN, ANNE MARYE
RHODES, RUTH
SCOTT, SALLIE
SPROUL, CATHERINE

Honorary Members

MISS DANIEL
MRS. EWING
DR. McPHERSON
MRS. McPHERSON
MISS WATKINS

Palmetto Club

VERA COE----------President
ALMA BURGESS----------Vice-President
LAVINIA WADE----------Secretary
JENNIE McCUTCHEON----------Treasurer

Motto: Palmetto First **Flower:** Goldenrod **Color:** Blue and White

Members

ALFORD, TOCHIA
ALLEN, JANE ADJER
BARR, ALICE
BAKER, MAMIE
BURGESS, ALMA
BETHEA, DELLE
COE, VERA
DeLORME, MILDRED
DOUGLASS, LOUISE
EVANS, EFFIE
FAIRCLOTH, HAZEL
FLETCHER, BESSIE
FUNK, ANNIE LEE
FRANK, VIRGINIA B.
HENDERSON, WILLIE ALMA
HORTON, MARY KATE
HOPE, DOROTHY
HUNTLEY, MARJORIE
HUNSUCKER, LUCY
JENKINS, THEO
KIMBLE, NETTIE
LAW, MARY
MILLS, IRENE
McCONNELL, ESTHER
McCUTCHEON, ELMA
McCUTCHEON, JENNIE
McCUTCHEON, VIRGINIA
McELVEEN, SCOTT
McKINNON, PAULINE
McQUEEN, VERNA
McLAURIN, PEARL
MOODY, GRACE
PRICE, REBECCA
PORTER, JULIA
SEABROOK, ANNIE
WADE, LAVINIA
WITHERSPOON, ELIZABETH

Honorary Members

DR. VARDELL
MISS STEELE
MRS. GLENN
BILLIE GLENN
MISS ROBERTS
MISS CONNOR
MISS McCOLL
MISS ANDERSON
MISS HAILE
MISS A. WEBB
MISS ELLERBE

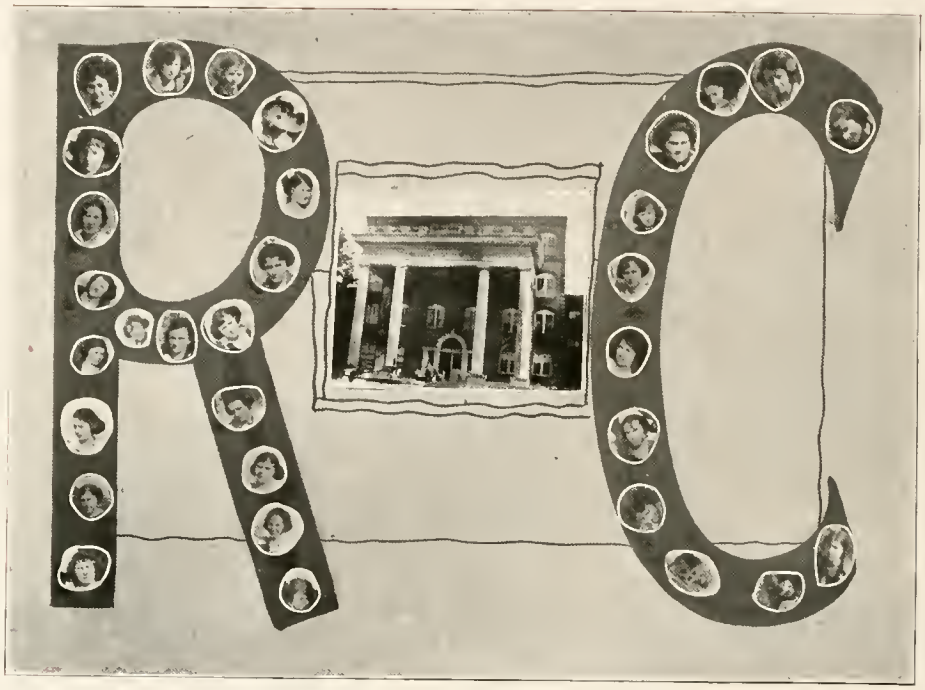
SARAH MARSHALL
MISS FOREMAN
ELIZABETH WALLACE
ALABAMA
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee
From thy southern shore where groweth
By the sea, an orange tree,
To thy northern vale where floweth
Deep and blue, thy Tennessee,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee
Brave and pure thy men and women,
Better this than corn and wine,
Makes us worthy, God in Heaven,
Of this goodly land of thine!
Hearts are open, as a doorway
Liberal hands, and spirit free,
Alabama, Alabama,
We will aye be true to thee
GASTON, COUNTY SPINNERS CLUB
MOTTO: "SPIN"
AMY ROBERSON
PRESIDENT
ELSIE JOHNSON
VICE-PRES
SNOW BRADLEY
SEC'Y
99

SCOTLAND COUNTY CLUB

HOKE

LE Club

VIRGINIA FRANK
ALICE CARR
Helena Butler
MARY LOU LESTER



Robeson County Club

Motto: B 2 **Colors:** Maroon and Silver

Flower: Pansy

MURPHY HALL ---------- President
LOUISE McCALLUM ---------- Vice-President
MARTHA MILLER JONES ---------- Secretary
NELLIE THOMASSON ---------- Treasurer

Members

BEARD, LENA
BENNETT, LOUISE
BUIE, ANNIE
BUIE, HELEN
BROWN, ESTHER
BROWN, AMANDA
COOK, LINDA
COOK, MARY
CHANDLER, IRENE
FREEMAN, PEARLE
HALL, MURPHY
JONES, MARTHA MILLER
JONES, ANNIE
LITTLE, DAISY
LENNON, MARY LOU
McLEOD, MARGARET
NANCE, AVA GRAVE
McDANIEL, LEONA
McMILLAN, MARY BELLE
McLEOD, KATIE BLUE
McDONALD, VIOLA
McNEIL, HANNAH
McGOOGAN, FLORABELL
McCALLUM, LOUISE
McGIRT, MARGARET
McLEAN, JOHNSIE
POOLE, MAE JOHNSON
SYKES, ELIZABETH
THOMASSON, NELLIE
VARDELL, MARY LYNDA
WARD, SELMA
WEST, MILDRED
WILKINSON, ANNIE MAE

Honorary Members

DR. VARDELL
MISS HARRIET MORRISON
MISS BROWN MORRISON
MISS McEACHEN
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MRS. ROBESON

DILLON COUNTY CLUB
MECKLENBURG COUNTY CLUB
MOORE COUNTY CLUB

El Club ESPAÑOL
El Embago hace la vida agradable

BULLA - BONNIE
BAIN - NELLIE
GARTH - CHARLOTTE
GOODMAN - GRACE
MAYNARD - CLAUDIA
SCOTT - ELIZABETH
THOMASSON - NELLIE
WILLIAMS - NORA

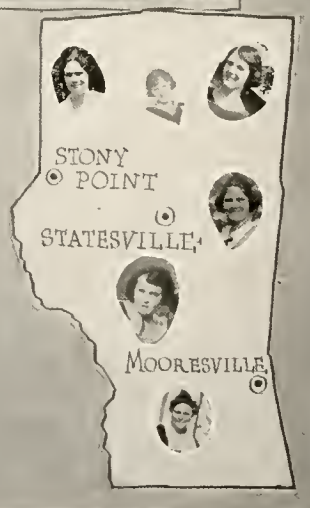
IREDELL COUNTY

PHOEBE WAKEFIELD ~ PRESIDENCE
PAULINE EDMINSTON SECY & TREAS

MEMBERS

DEATON ..... CATHERINE
EDMINSTON ..... PAULINE
ERWIN " " RUTH
FRAZIER " " CREOLA
STEPHENSON " " MABEL
WAKEFIELD " PHOEBE
WAKEFIELD " MARGIE

Honorary Member.
MRS. WAKEFIELD



Dramatic Club

Motto: "To Hold as 'twere, a mirror up to Nature"

ONIE RUTH ERWIN ---------- Manager
VERA COE ---------- Property Manager

Members

CARR, GRACE
HALL, MARGARET
HERRING, ELEANOR
HOPE, DOROTHY
JOHNSON, M. LUCILLE
JONES, MARTHA MILLER
MANDEVILLE, LOUISE
MOODY, GRACE
McALPINE, LOUISE
McCULLOCH, MARY
McNEILL, HANNAH
MORTON, ELIZABETH
NOWELL, RUTH
PATTEN, METTA
VAN DALSEM, MARTHA
WHITTED, ELIZA

Commercial Class

METTA PATTON ..... President
JEAN McLEAN ..... Vice-President
MARY LAW ..... Secretary and Treasurer

Class Roll

CELLARS, MARY
CONOLY, MARY OLIVER
ERWIN, RUTH
HARRIS, MARTHA
HOUGH, NELL
HOUGH, WILMA
JOHNSON, ELSIE
LAW, MARY
MARONEY, KATHERINE
MASSENGIL, INA
MARTIN, ELBERTA
McCONNEL, ESTHER
McDANIELS, LENORA
McINTYRE, MARGARET
McLEAN, JEAN
McNEIL, KATHERINE
MENZIES, STUART
NORRIS, ELIZABETH
OLIVER, JESSIE
PATTON, METTA
PRICE, REBECCA
ROBBINS, NOLIA
WADE, LAVINIA
WILLIAMS, LOUISE

S. O. S.

Flower: Violet

Colors: Purple and Green

Motto: Fidelity

CAVENAUGH, MARY ---------- "Cat"
CHANDLER, IRENE ---------- "Rene"
EVANS, EFFIE ---------- "F"
EDWARDS, CLAUDIA ---------- "Paula"
McCALLUM, LOUISE ---------- "Mac"
McQUEEN, VERNA ---------- "Doll Baby"
McBRYDE, MARY ---------- "Little Mary"
SHAW, MARY ---------- "Doc"

The Betty Club

ELIZABETH MORTON ---------- Queen
ELIZABETH BRANNEN, ELIZABETH RUSSELL ---------- Attendants

Characteristics of the Kingdom

Age ---------- Elizabethan
Dress ---------- Betty Wales
Favorite Dish ---------- Brown Betty
Song ---------- "Strut Miss Lizzie"
Flower ---------- Sweet Betsy

Court

BAKER
CARR
CELLAR
DOUGLAS
FAIN
FLETCHER
HERRING
HUGHES
MACDONALD
McQUEEN
NORRIS
ROBINSON
ROBBINS
SCOTT
WALLACE
WOODRUFF
WITHERSPOON
WILLIAMS
FLEMING

MERRY MAKERS CLUB

MOTTO ~
"Eat, Drink and be Merry
For tomorrow we die."

Song
"Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here."

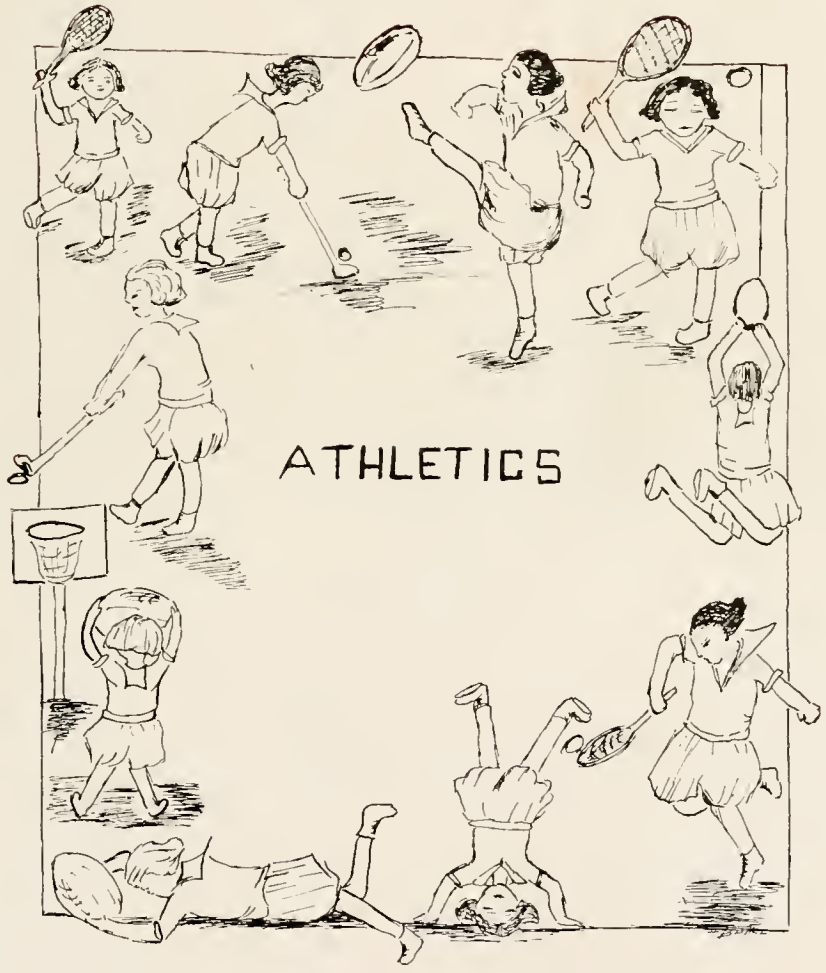
ASHLIN, VIRGINIA
BRITT, NELLE
CARR, GRACE
MITCHEL ~ JULIA
RUSSELL ~ ELIZABETH
WILLIAMS ~ NORA

The PEGGY CLUB

Motto:
"PEG ALONG"
Flower:
MARGARET"
Favorite Song:
"PEGGY O'NEIL"
COLORS
WHITE & GOLD

MARGARET HALL	President
MARGARET McGIRT	vice-Pres
MARGARET WAKEFIELD	Sec'y
MARGARET McLEOD	Treas
MARGARET MORTON	Critic

GENERAL "KORKEY"
MAJOR "VAN"
CAPTAIN "Cockie"
LIEUTENANT "PUMPS"
CORPORAL "CARR"
BUCK PRIVATE "WASCO"
Us & Co
THE LONG and SHORT of IT...
MEMBERS
Elizabeth MacDONALD
ETTA Sawyer
MEMBERS
JOSEPHINE CARTY
Eleanor Herring


ATHLETICS

Athletic Association Officers

PHOEBE WAKEFIELD.....President
MARY LYNDA VARDELL.....Vice-President
VIRGINIA McCUTCHEON.....Secretary
ELIZABETH MORTON.....Treasurer

The Athletic Association

THE Athletic Association, standing firmly, as it does, for good, clean sportsmanship in the highest sense of the word, has a big share in making Flora Macdonald girls well developed college girls.

Under the supervision of the Association, tennis, basketball and hockey courts are scenes of lively activity, and contribute wonderfully toward making healthier, happier girls.

Wholesome rivalry is encouraged, and good old class spirit shows up wonderfully on the athletic field. But fairness and squareness come before everything else, and one always feels that spirit pervading the working of the Association.

The directing body is the Athletic board, composed of the prsiding officers, one representative from each class, and the physical director. These, with the managers of the respective teams, elect the Varsity teams for hockey and basketball, and render decisions on all matters brought before them.

All members of the Varsity teams, also the winners of tennis doubles and singles and the three girls winning the highest number of points in track are the proud wearers of the "M." That comes, in a girl's ambition, almost next to her diploma.

The hockey, basketball and tennis tournaments are between classes. The playing is fine, but we think something should be said about the "rooting." It's just magnificent! That's where everybody gets in on tournaments; and who can say which is deserving of more praise—the player or the faithful, enthusiastic rooter? The spirit of the whole thing just "gets you" and you love it all.

VARSITY

J. McLEAN	CENTER FORWARD	
N. COE	RIGHT WING	
L. McALPINE	LEFT WING	
I. MASSINGILLE	RIGHT SIDE WING	
V. McDONALD	LEFT SIDE WING	
A. CARR	RIGHT FULL BACK	
M. PATTON	LEFT FULL BACK	
M. FAERIS	CENTER HALFBACK	
M. DELORME	RIGHT HALFBACK	
J. RAMSEY	LEFT HALFBACK	
M. L. LESTER	GOAL KEEPER	

CHAMPIONS

J. McLEAN	
M. BACOT	
V. ASHLIN	
I. MASSINGILLE	
L. WILLIAMS	
M. WOODS	
M. PATTON	
M. FAERIS	(Capt.)
S. MENZIES	
M. HALL	
V. McQUEEN	

SENIOR		JUNIOR
ELIZA WELTTED	CENTER FORWARD	ELIZABETH MORTON
MARY ALICE BOYD	RIGHT INSIDE FORWARD	CHARLOTTE GARTH
MAMIE BAKER	LEFT INSIDE FORWARD	GEORGIA TOMLINSON
VERA COE (CAPT)	RIGHT WING	MILDRED WEST
LUCY HUNSUCKER	LEFT WING	(CAPT) LOUISE MCALPINE
OMIE RUTH ERWIN	CENTER HALFBACK	FLORA MACDONALD
HANNAH MCNEILL	RIGHT HALFBACK	HELEN POPE
JULIA RAMSEY	LEFT HALFBACK	DOLLER JANSTON
MARTHA MILLER JONES	RIGHT FULLBACK	IDA STREET
PHOEBE WAKEFIELD	LEFT FULLBACK	MADGE HARDAWAY
MILDRED MCAULEY	GOAL GUARD	LYDA ARNOLD
BILLIE WHITESIDE	SUBS	ELIZABETH SCOTT FRANCES MCPHERSON

SOPHOMORE		FRESHMAN
ELIZABETH BRANYEN	CENTER FORWARD	ELIZABETH RUSSELL
SALLIE SCOTT	RIGHT INSIDE FORWARD	AUSTIN WILCO
CLESTE LEGGETTE	LEFT INSIDE FORWARD	VIOLA MACDONALD
CAROLINE YOUNG	RIGHT WING	FERDINANDE POPPE
GRACE GOODMAN	LEFT WING	CAROLINE POLLARD
CHRISTENE McPHAUL	CENTER HALFBACK	(CAPT) MARY LINDA VARDELL
MILDRED DELORME (CAPT)	RIGHT HALFBACK	SALLIE DEES
GRACE CARR	LEFT HALFBACK	LOUISE BENNETT
GRACE MOODY	RIGHT FULLBACK	AMY ROBINSON
ALICE CARR	LEFT FULLBACK	RUTH KUTTELL
MARY LOU LESTER	GOAL GUARD	DOROTHY ROPER
	SUBS	MARTHA LAYTON ROZELLE McKINNON

Champion Basketball Team

VIRGINIA FRANK, Captain

Forwards:

M. PATTON G. MOODY

Centers:

C. SMITH G. CARR R. McCONNELL

Guards:

C. McPHAUL I. MILLS V. FRANK

VIRGINIA FRANK
Tennis Champion
(Singles)
1922

Tennis Champions (Doubles)
1922

SENIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS
ONIE RUTH ERVIN
VERA COE

CENTER
WILLIE MAE WHITESIDE
(Manager)

SIDE CENTER
HANNAH McNEILL

GUARDS
PHOEBE WAKEFIELD
JULIA RAMSEY

JUNIOR BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS
MURPHY HALL
- MANAGER
MILDRED WEST

CENTER
FLORA MACDONALD

SIDE CENTER
ELIZABETH MORTON

GUARDS
DOZIA LANGSTON
ELIZABETH SCOTT

SOPHOMORE BASKET-BALL TEAM

FORWARDS.
METTA PATTON
GRACE MOODY

CENTER
NELL MORTON

SIDE CENTER
GRACE CARR

GUARDS
CHRISTINE MCPHAUL
VIRGINIA FRANK
MANAGER

FRESHMAN BASKET-BALL TEAM

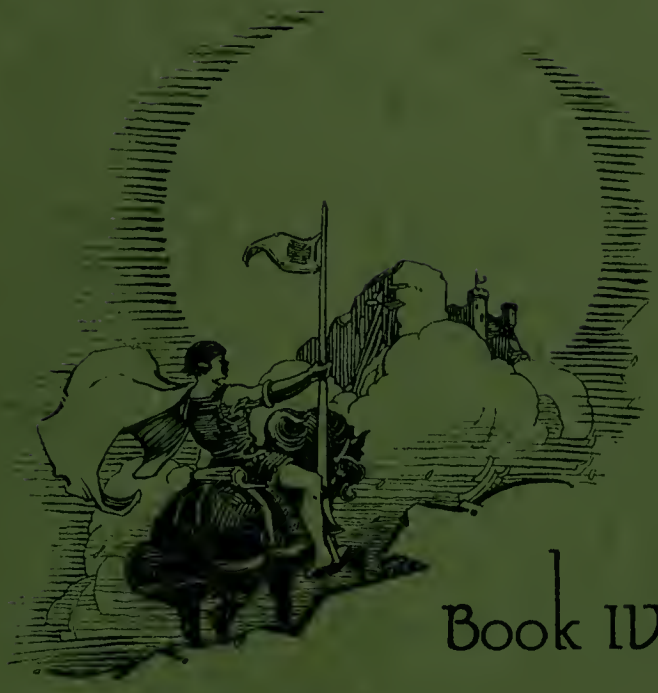
FORWARDS
HELEN LOCKHART
MARIE FAIRES

CENTER
ROZELLE MCKINNON

SIDE CENTER
SALLIE DEESE

GUARDS
VERA MCQUEEN
MARY LINDER
VARDELL

VIRGINIA ASHLIN
MANAGER



Book IV.

Fine Arts

FINE ARTS

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

The College Orchestra

CHARLES G. VARDELL, JR.----------Director
MRS. W. B. ROBESON----------Instructor

First Violin:

MRS. W. B. ROBESON
MRS. W. E. GARRETT
RUTH VARDELL
VIRGINIA FRANK

Second Violin:

GRACE GOODMAN
IRENE CHANDLER
CAROLINE YOUNG
BERTA COXE

Third Violin:

M. LUCILE JOHNSON
ODESSA ARNETT
MIMA STYLES

MURPHY HALL----------Viola
ELIZABETH RUSSELL----------Cello
LOUISE MANDEVILLE----------Bass Violin
CAROLIL GRAHAM----------Cymbals
VIRGINIA ASHLIN----------Triangle
JANIE BUCHANAN----------Piano
MAIE SINCLAIR----------Organ

RECITAL

By

MISS LOUISE MANDEVILLE

Graduate in Voice

MISS MURPHY HALL

Certificate in Piano

MISS LULA MORRISON

Accompanist

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1923

At Eight o'Clock

Program

Prelude and Fugue in A flat - - - - - - - - - - - *Bach*
(from The Well Tempered Clavichord)
MISS HALL

Ave Maria - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Bach-Gounod*
MISS MANDEVILLE
Violin and Organ Obligato
MISS RUTH VARDELL
MISS MAIE SINCLAIR

Sonata in E Major, Op. 14 Nol. - - - - - - - - - - *Beethoven*
Allegro
Allegretto
Rondo: Allegro Commodo
MISS HALL

By the Sea - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Schubert*
In Summer Fields - - - - - - - - - - - - *Brohms*
I Wander Not - - - - - - - - - - - - *Schumann*
MISS MANDEVILLE

Romance in F Sharp
Whims } - - - - - - - - - - *Schumann*

Polonaise in C Minor - - - - - - - - - - *Chopin*
MISS HALL

Lieti Signor (Les Huguenots) - - - - - - - - - *Meyerbeer*
Musetta's Waltz Song (La Bohême) - - - - - - - - *Puccini*
MISS MANDEVILLE

Etude Japonaise - - - - - - - - - - - *Poldini*
Scherzo Humoristique - - - - - - - - - - *Tschaikowsky*
MISS HALL

A Song of April
April Afternoon } - - - - - - - - - *Charles Vardell, Jr.*

(Composed for Miss Mandeville)
MISS MANDEVILLE

MISS LOUISE MANDEVILLE
Graduate in Voice

MISS MURPHY HALL
Certificate in Piano

RECITAL

By

MISS MARY ALICE BOYD
Graduate in Piano

MISS MAIE SINCLAIR
Certificate in Organ

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 30, 1923
At Eight o'Clock

Program

Prelude in Fugue in D - - - - - - - - - - - - *Bach*
(from The Well Tempered Clavichord)
MISS BOYD

Toccata and Fugue in D Minor - - - - - - - - - - *Bach*
MISS SINCLAIR

Sonata in F Sharp, Op. 78 - - - - - - - - - - *Beethoven*
Adagio cantabile; Allegro ma non troppo
Allegro Assai
MISS BOYD

Sketch in F Minor - - - - - - - - - - - *Schumann*
MISS SINCLAIR

Kreisleriana, Nos. 5, 6, 7 - - - - - - - - - - *Schumann*
MISS BOYD

Sonata in C Minor - - - - - - - - - - - - *Guilmant*
Allegro Maestoso e con fuoco
Adagio
Fuga
MISS SINCLAIR

Scotch Poem - - - - - - - - - - - - *Macdowell*
Dragon Flies - - - - - - - - - - - - *Bartlett*
Mazurka in E flat - - - - - - - - - - *Leschetizky*
MISS BOYD

Coronation March - - - - - - - - - - - *Svendsen*
MISS SINCLAIR

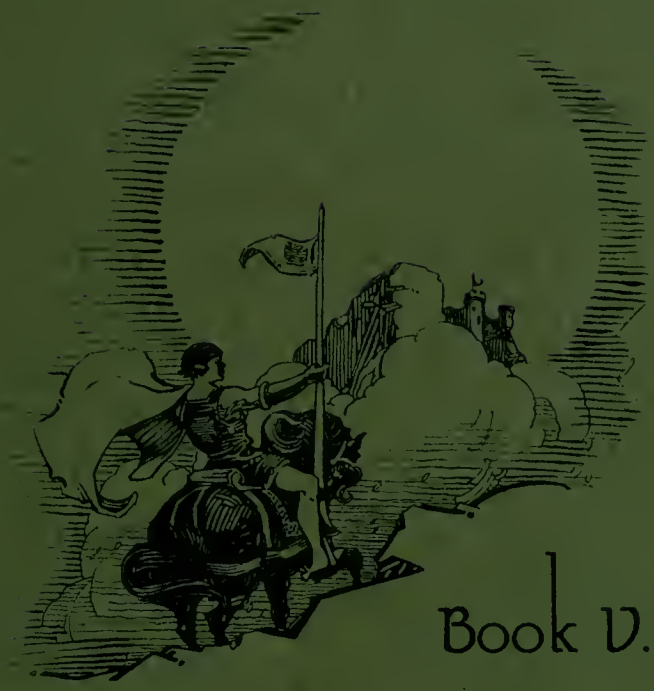
MISS MARY ALICE BOYD
Graduate in Piano

MISS MAIE SINCLAIR
Certificate in Pipe Organ

Flora Macdonald Choral Association

MISS MARY FORMAN ---------- Director
MISS MURPHY HALL ---------- Accompanist

ALLEN, JEAN
ANDRES, HELEN
ARNOLD, LYDA
ASBURY, MARY
BLACK, ELLEN
BOYD, MARY ALICE
BRADLEY, SNOWE
BRITT, NELLE
BROWN, AMANDA
BROWN, ESTHER
BROWN, GRACE
CARR, ALICE
CARR, GRACE
CARSON, LOUISE
CAVENAUGH, MARY
COOK, LINDA
CRAWFORD, ALLIE
DEATON, CATHERINE
DEES, SALLIE
DONNELL, MITTIE
EDMISTON, PAULINE
FAIRES, MARIE
FLEMING, ELIZABETH
FLETCHER, BESSIE
HARGRAVE, RUBY
HALL, MARGARET
HANSEL, MARGARET
HODGIN, MARTITIA
HOPE, DOROTHY
HUNSUCKER, LUCY
JENKINS, SARAH
JONES, ANNIE
KIMBLE, NETTIE
LAW, MARY
LEGETTE, CELESTE
LOCKHART, HELEN
MANDEVILLE, LOUISE
MARSHALL, SARAH FRANCES
MARTIN, ELBERTA
MENZIES, MARY STUART
MENZIES, SADIE
MITCHELL, JULIA
MORTON, MARY
McBRYDE, MARY
McCALLUM, LOUISE
McCONNELL, ESTHER
McGOOGAN, FLORABEL
McINTYRE, KATHERINE
McMILLAN, MARY BELLE
McNEILL, HANNAH
McNEILL, KATHERINE
McNEELY, SARAH
McQUEEN, VERNA
NORRIE, ELIZABETH
OWEN, ANNE MARIE
PHILLIPS, SADIE
POLLARD, CAROLINE
RUSSELL, ELIZABETH
SHAW, MARY
SCOTT, SALLIE
STEELE, JENNIE MAE
TATE, LUCILE
WALLACE, ELIZABETH
WEBB, EDNA
WHITESIDE, BILLIE
WHITTED, ELIZA
WILLIAMS, NORA
WILLIAMSON, FRANCES
WOODRUFF, ELIZABETH



Book V.

"Hash"

HASH PLEASE!!
MENU

The Calendar

September

SEPT. 12—Flora Macdonald again greets her children, old and new, with welcoming arms.

SEPT. 13—Amid the confusion of registration sounds the chattering of the old girls and the wails of the new.

SEPT. 16—The first social event of the year, the Y. W. C. A. Reception.

SEPT. 18—Dr. Vardell tells of his trip to Scotland, and makes us feel more keenly our "kinship" with Flora Macdonald and the old country.

SEPT. 23—Stunt night! The pep night of the year.

SEPT. 24—The opening address of the Y. W. C. A. by the Rev. Mr. Black, of the First Presbyterian Church, Red Springs, N. C.

October

OCT. 4—Scotch night Highland Flinged itself in, and sang itself out with Miss Mullholland.

OCT. 12—The Sophomore Saturday Club debates the much-discussed query, "Resolved, That the State of Blessedness is Found in the State of Spinisterhood."

OCT. 16—Walter Greene gives concert.

OCT. 21—Vera Coe fails to be late for breakfast.

OCT. 22—The classes challenge each other in the "nickle" campaign.

OCT. 31—Our knees are made to shake, and our teeth to chatter, by the witches and ghosts at the Hallow'een party.

November

NOV. 6—Watt Taylor miraculously becomes the "Father of English Poetry"—Consult Soph. English Class—dear things!

NOV. 13—"Mandeville" admits she is the smallest thing in the Zetesian Society.

NOV. 23—Hockey team in a flutter—news is abroad that Lutie Godbold will referee Thanksgiving game!

December

DEC. 1—Miss Erline Cox tells the Y. W. C. A. about her work at Levi Mission.

DEC. 2—Miss Watkins reminds us that there are other things to think about besides "three weeks from today."

DEC. 9—Lunch was minus something today—probably Eliza Whitted's announcements.

DEC. 17—Miss Johnston leads the annual White Gift Service of the Y. W. C. A.
DEC. 19—Miss Brown was gently aroused from the arms of Morpheus by "Noel," sweetly rendered by her fourth year pupils.
DEC. 20—Homeward bound for two weeks of bliss.

January

JAN. 3—Cheer up, old girls, the worst is yet to come.
JAN. 9—We manage to survive in spite of the siege of tests.
JAN. 12—Mabel Beddoe gives a recital.
JAN. 19—Capsule crushers begin their week-end rage. As a result indigestion and the muses have full swing.
JAN. 26—Madge receives *the* letter, and we have a hard time keeping her feet on the ground.

February

FEB. 2—All of the Palmetto Club pictures have actually been taken "in front of the main building."
FEB. 5—Ruth Rhodes is obtaining results in tennis from Coué's theory.
FEB. 28—Annual goes to press! Staff makes a bee-line for the Infirmary!
NOTE—Since the Annual goes to press we make a *possible* but *not* probable calendar for the next months).

March

MARCH 3—Rising-bell rings at 10:30 A. M.
MARCH 12—Billie and Janie have joined the bobbed-hair gang.
MARCH 27—Special Deliveries are received on Sunday.

April

APRIL 1—We concentrated so on our studies that we *forgot* it was April Fool's Day!
APRIL 2—The Juniors and Seniors surpassed all their precedessors at their reception in popularity. Each girl had five dinner dates.
APRIL 10—Miss McColl decided we can get our laundry whenever it is most convenient for us.

May

MAY 3—Cupid has wrought havoc among members of the faculty.
MAY 7—Miss Watkins makes this announcement: "Commencement is approaching and I know you girls are very busy, therefore you may leave your lights on as late after 10 o'clock as you deem it necessary."

ELIZABETH WITHERSPOON
most Unselfish

MARGARET McGIRT
most Domestic

LOUISE MANDEVILLE
PRETTIEST

AVIS FOUNTAIN
Neatest

ELIZA WHITTED
most capable

Vera COE
cutest
ALICE CARR
most Stylish
Nelle Morton
most Artistic
Metta PATTON
most Athletic

JANIE BUCHANAN
Most musical
BILLIE WHITESIDE
Sweetest, Most Popular
most Influential- Best allround
MARY LOVE
most Optimistic
Jane ALLEN
Anna Mae Caddell
Most Intellectual

Commencement Marshals

LOUISE McALPINE, E. X.----------Chief Marshall

JENNIE McCUTCHEON, Z.
ELIZABETH MORTON, Z.
MADGE HARDAWAY, Z.

LAVINIA WADE, E. X.
IDA STREET, E. X.
ELIZABETH SCOTT, E. X.

Red Springs, N. C.

Wed. Night.

Dear Ma,

As there is no bell ringing right now I will write you a few lines to let you hear from me, and to tell you how me have to do at Flora Macdonald—Ma this is a whole lot different from Holly Creek where I went to school last year—We do every thing by a bell—The first day I was trying to eat breakfast by one and rise by the other. I thought I had them about straight until yesterday I went into a room and they said they was teaching something—twig I believe they said (I guess its trees) I said I must be in the wrong place. I asked the teacher if she could tell me where I wanted to go, or where the English class was. She said she was no fortune teller, but there was a English class two rooms down the hall—So I had English—

Then yesterday after dinner (lunch they say here) a girl told me to get ready to take Gim—She had on nicker bockers but I didn't have any. I went along tho' for I wanted to see where all them girls was going to take Gim to—I knew I wont going to touch him—Well when we got there Gim wont there so we all had to line up and throw out our arms like some body crazy—Maybe I'll understand it all sometime—

They play a funny game here, four girls knock a ball over a net to each other—The net looks like the sane me and John fished with in Brush Branch last summer. Ma I liked to never blowed out my light, the first night—before I ever did there was a big crowd of girls in the room laughing at me—Its a funny light to me, it hangs up in the middle of the room, but it sure do burn a pretty light—

Ma a woman just come and said something, I suppose she was calling bed time, so will stop.

Your loving girl
Rachel—

P. S.—Ma I forgot to tell you that I handed in a paper on English and the teacher handed it right back with a pretty red E on it. That means Excellent I reckon, I sure was glad.

M. L. J.

ELLEN BLACK

Fire Department

ELLEN BLACK----------Chief

Lieutenants

ELIZABETH BRANNEN	VERA COE	GRACE GOODMAN
METTA PATTEN	MURPHY HALL	GRACE MOODY
MARY LOU LESTER	DOZIA LANGSTON	JEAN McLEAN
GRACE CARR	SALLIE DEESE	ONIE JONES

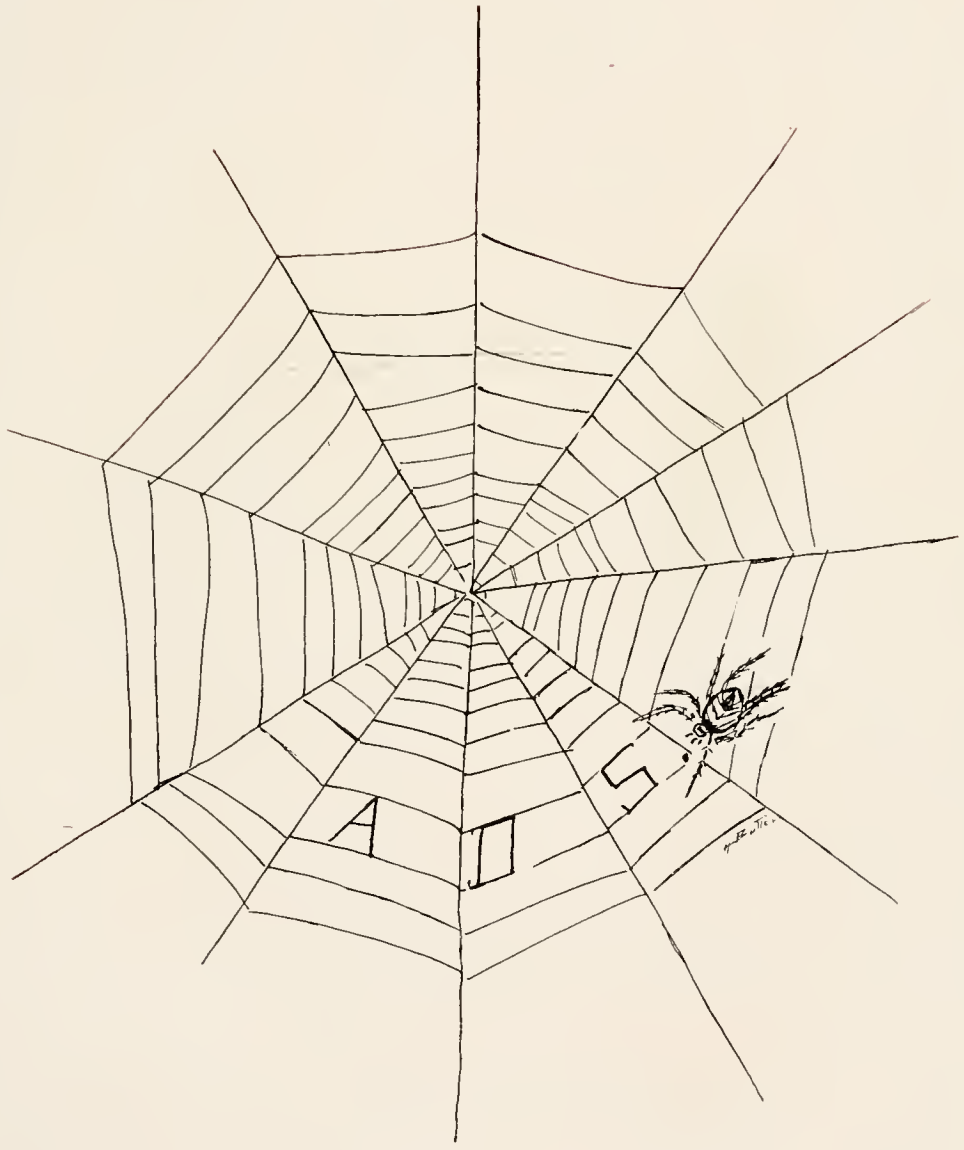
Sergeants

MARY ALICE BOYD	MARGARET McGIRT	MIRIAM HARRISON
MARGARET MORTON	CAROLINE POLLARD	FERDINANDE POPPE
GRACE BROWN		SNOWE BRADLEY

Buglers

LOUISE MANDEVILLE	ONIE RUTH ERVIN

(N. B.—For meaning of this blank page, see page 125)



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NEW YORK CITY

AND ITS SUMMER QUARTERS

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Home for Crippled and Delicate Children

CLAVERACK, N. Y.

is soliciting contributions for its Permanent Fund to make the Society self-supporting. Life memberships costing $100 swell this Fund. This well known School and Home is endeavoring to assist the little crippled children of New York by educating them and teaching them trades, thus fitting them to take care of themselves later in life.

Contributions---large or small---may be sent to

WALTER SCOTT, President, 495 Broadway

or to

MRS. EDWARD DAVIS JONES, Treasurer
18 West 68th St.

(This space donated by Mr. Walter Scott)

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Candies---Nunnally's, Block's, Royster's
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Stationery---Crane and Montag

Fountain Service Unsurpassed

We Handle Special Ice Cream Orders
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is the place to buy your Dry Goods and Notions, Heavy and Fancy Groceries. Why? Because everything we carry is right up-to-date and fresh. Don't hesitate; call phone 26 or 27 and get what you want. Prompt attention and quick delivery.

Quality and not Quantity---Our Motto.

Your patronage appreciated. Make our store your headquarters. Always glad to see you.

Yours to please,

Garrett & McNeill's

What Red Springs people think we do.

What we think the Faculty has to do.

What our test papers look like.

What the length of our Christmas Vacation looks like.

What we think we spend.

What our parents *don't* think we spend.

What time every teacher thinks we should spend on *other* subjects.

What time Miss Johnston thinks we spend "cleaning house."

What Teachers' Agencies think Seniors Know.

What Monday Morning would be without mail.

What F. M. C. would be without Dr. Vardell.

No Woman Knows How Charming She Can Be Until She Has Used

LUXOR ROUGE

Most popular with women of refinement who appreciate its clinging velvety smoothness, delicate perfuming and absolute purity.

TWO SHADES

Sold in gold finished chatelaine and boudoir size boxes, complete with puff and mirror.

LUXOR ROUGE PARFAIT

Unexcelled for evening use. So effectively and delicately blended that its use cannot be detected under daylight or artificial light. Apply sparingly with Luxor Complexion Powder for best results.

(Pour Soir) for Evening

LUXOR ROUGE SUNGLOW

A delicate orange tint that gives the complexion the natural glow of perfect health. Applied sparingly, it cannot be detected, even in glaring sunlight. Softens the harsh color of sunburn. Use it with Luxor Complexion Powder.

(Pour Jour) for Day

At All Leading Stores

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Department of Luxor Toilet Requisites

CHICAGO

FLORA MACDONALD COLLEGE

RED SPRINGS NORTH CAROLINA

AIMS

TO be rated not by the number of students but according to the class of work done.

TO make the college an institution for teaching how to take part in the world's activities and the joy of service.

TO declare emphatically for development of Christian character through the study of God's Word.

FACTS

Graduates are securing positions everywhere and are earning excellent salaries.

3000 alumnae are engaged in 60 different occupations.

41 Branch Alumnae Associations have been organized: 31 in N. C., 8 in S. C., 1 in N. Y., 1 in Washington, D. C.

Ten F. M. C. girls are in mission field: China, Japan, Africa, Mexico.

The Carnegie Corporation of New York City has recognized the excellence of the work being done by offering $50,000.00 towards an increased endowent.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES---

Come to us for the proper drugs to protect your health. Come and let us supply you the necessary toilet articles, stationery, and sundries. ¶ Meet your friends at our sanitary Soda Fountain. We invite you to our store and assure you of courteous attention.

TOWNSEND'S PHARMACY
THE REXALL STORE

"Judge," cried the prisoner in the dock, "have I got to be tried by a woman jury?"

"Be quiet," whispered the counsel.

"I won't be quiet! Judge, I can't even fool my own wife, let alone twelve strange women! I'm guilty."

—o—

K. McMillan (breathless)—"Has anyone a nickle they will lend me. I haven't a cent to put in at the silver tea."

—o—

For Shoes for every occasion go to Jenning's Shoe Store Fayetteville, N. C.

Lyda A. (entering Graham Co.)—"Oh, Mr. Graham, may I try on that darling dress in the window?"

Mr. Graham (blushing deeply)—"Won't you use the dressing room. It is against the rules, you know."

—o—

COVERED

"My face is my fortune," said a New Orleans peroxide blonde to a casual acquaintance.

The young man gave her face a close scrutiny, then he shook his head doubtfully.

"Madam," said he, "I believe you are concealing some of your assets."

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Philadelphia

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Everything to Wear for Women and College Girls may be found at the FASHION SHOP

PRICE : QUALITY : STYLE
AN UNBEATABLE COMBINATION

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Photographers to
"The White Heather"

Address requests for information to our
Executive Offices 1546 Broadway
N. Y. C.

E. Sawyer—"Doesn't all this talk about bacteria frighten you?"

S. Jenkins—"Not a bit. I never get scared at anything smaller than a mouse."

—o—

Johnny—"What makes that new baby at your house cry so much?"

Tommy—"It don't cry so much; and anyway, if you had all your hair off and your teeth out and your legs were so weak you couldn't stand on them, I guess you'd feel like crying, too."

—o—

H. L. (reading aloud the conclusion of a long letter)—"Then I will come home and marry the sweetest little girl on earth."

N. K.—"What a dirty trick! After being engaged to you."

—o—

Nell—"Hey, Martha Van, what are you doing?"
M. Van—"Helping Avis."
Nell—"Well, what's Avis doing?"
M. Van—"Nothing."

—o—

M. L.—"What is the cause of so many divorces?"
Janie—"Marriages."

—o—

Hirsch's Chilli Sauce, Pickles, Catsup, Pork and Beans are the finest in the world.

We Guarantee the Quality and the Workmanship

And We'll Make the Price as Attractive as the Hat

MISS K. R. BROWN

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Ask for

The Glendale Line

School Stationery

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Dry Goods, Shoes and Notions

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear : Hand Made Blouses : Vogue Hair Nets

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Goodrich
Automobile Tires and Tubes

Case and Keen Kutter
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Winchester
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W. P. KAY

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H. LACY HUNT

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WHOLESALE GROCER

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Sole Distributor for

Sweet Rose and Rob Roy Flours

Also carry full line of all goods handled by retail grocers. Personal attention given to all.

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—o—

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—o—

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OCT. 1880